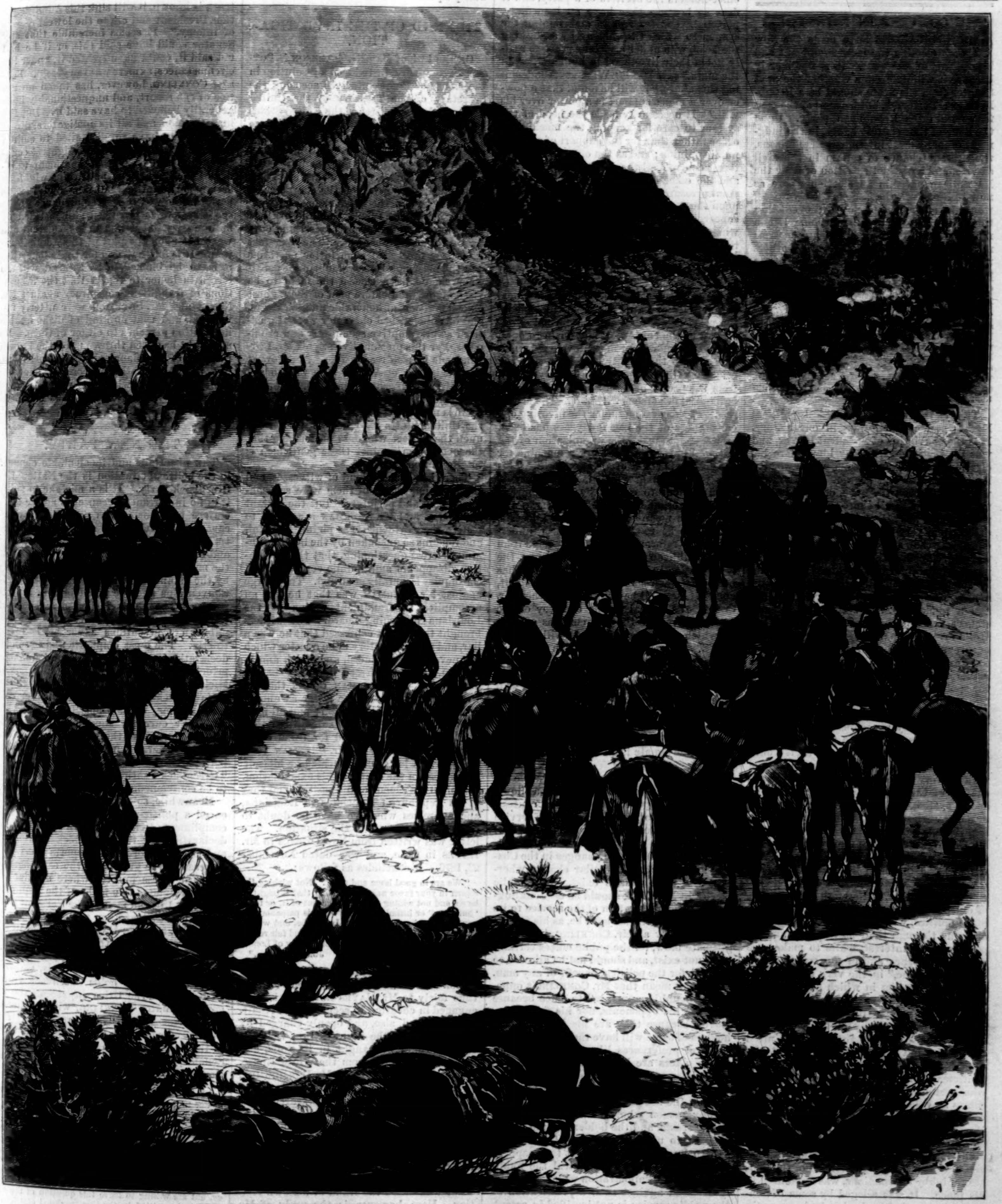
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXII.—No. 1129.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1878. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1878, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



THE BATTLE OF BIRCH CREEK.—From a Sketch taken on the Field during the Fight.—[See Page 651.]

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR POSTAGE FREE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, or HARPER'S BAZAR will be sent for one year to any Subscriber in the United States, POSTAGE PREPAID by the Publishers, on receipt of Four Dollars.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1878.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a number of very interesting sketches in Palestine, and other attractions.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE CONTEST IN NEW YORK.

CIRCUMSTANCES have made the New York election the most significant and interesting of the year. It is not merely because it will determine whether the next Senator from the State should be a Republican or a Democrat, but because of the contest within the Republican party. Upon the issue of that contest hangs, in the judgment of many most intelligent Republicans, the present chance of reform in the civil service, and a distinct rejection of it by the Republican party in an election where as now in New York the issue is clearly raised, would be an important political event in a time like this of party dissolution. It is a reform which is believed by many persons not less patriotic and intelligent than others to be indispensable to the vindication of the popular republican principle. "The very essence of a free government," said Mr. CALHOUN,

> "consists in considering offices as public trusts bestowed for the good of the country, and not for the benefit of an individual or a party; and that system of political morals which regards offices in a different light, as public prizes to be won by combatants most skilled in all the arts and corruption of political tactics, and to be used and enjoyed as their proper spoils, strikes a fatal blow at the very vitals of free institutions."

This is the view of the ablest political leaders and commentators in our history. It is the conviction of President HAYES, and was distinctly declared by him before his election. For many reasons, which we here leave undiscussed, it has not been the rule, while it has been the hope, of his Administration, and with all short-comings his Administration has attacked the abuses of the evil system very much more generally and effectively than any other since those abuses were developed. The New York election is peculiarly significant, because while the President stands for the principle of reform, Senator CONKLING, who is understood to desire a re-election, has become by circumstances the especial representative of the spoils system of patronage. The issue has been emphasized by the recent changes in the New York Custom-house. The election is therefore recognized as a contest between the spoils system and reform, and Mr. CONKLING's re-election would be hailed as the condemnation of reform by Republican New York. To many sagacious persons such a result would seem for the present to be a fatal blow. However that may be, it would be certainly a serious disaster, and one which every citizen who is honestly persuaded of the disgrace and danger of the spoils system, from the President to the most powerless voter, should do what he legitimately can to avert. The reason that Mr. CONKLING is held to represent the spoils system is evident. It is that under an Administration in which he had virtually supreme and exclusive influence over appointments in his State, a thorough organization of office-holders grew up for the control of State politics, who held office by his favor, and who through their patronage managed politics in his interest, while to make sure of his ascendency and of the completeness of the "machine," in the very last days of the Administration in which he was so influential, changes were made in important offices which were plainly dictated by political and personal, not by public, reasons. A case of this kind was that of the United States Marshal of this district, a most efficient officer and an honest and intelligent gentleman, but not an active politician, whose retention was earnestly desired by the courts and those who were most concerned with the office, but who was summarily removed a little while before the end of General GRANT's term, and one of the most noted politicians in the State, who had been severely censured by a committee of the Senate for lobby transactions, was appointed in his place. It was alleged by some of Senator CONKLING's friends that he knew nothing about it. But the probability that a most important office in New York would be filled by General GRANT without the knowledge or against the will of Senator CONKLING is not great, while in fact he replied to the protest of the gentleman who was removed: "You got the office easily, and have held it for a long time."

The office-holding despotism thus created has ruled the party with an iron hand. It has demanded political services which the reluctant subordinates, forced to choose between obedience and the bread of their families, have said that they would rather cut off their hands than perform; but they could not starve their families, and they obeyed. It has shown its power so absolutely that young men ambitious of public life and political distinction, after a vain struggle, have submitted to its yoke as the sole condition of opportunity and success. It is a system at once humiliating and demoralizing. It substitutes a body of stipendiaries for public opinion. It makes a squad of office-holders the arbiters of a party, and it does so because they have an immediate, personal, vital interest in maintaining the system to which they belong by sustaining the head, who under a vicious practice really holds their livelihood in his hand. "In the main," says DANIEL WEBSTER, condemning this abuse, "it will be found that a power over a man's support is a power over his will." It necessarily leads the head of the system to care for keeping the machine in order rather than for the support of a sound public opinion; and as the office-holding interest controls all the wires of party action, and the office-holders, in the midst of constant pressure and intrigue, depend for place upon the favor of the head, they are vitally concerned to keep him in place and power, whatever his opinions or conduct. This is the evil, with all its obvious and logical consequences, at which the efforts of reform are directed. It is the system which even in anticipation was said by JEFFERSON to threaten the freedom of popular elections. In the State of New York, from the time of the practice of BURR and the formal enunciation of the rule by MARCY down to ours, it has been more and more developed, until it is now so thoroughly organized that the primary political power has largely passed from the people or from a party to a clique or handful of persons within it. The actual result of this system under the favoring circumstances of the last few years has been, as we said, to make the organization of the national offices in New York a machine for the political benefit of Mr. CONKLING. This is a public wrong which it is the duty of the President to correct by all the means in his power, and which Mr. CONKLING and his friends mean to maintain at all costs. Should he be re-elected, it will be understood that reform is not to be expected from the Republican party, and that upon the issue distinctly raised the spoils system has been sustained as against the President, and this fact will be held to strengthen Mr. CONKLING's appeal to the courtesy of the Senate to restore the late customs officers, by which the defeat of reform will be completed. It is a contest in which every advantage is with Mr. CONKLING. The influence of the office-holding interest, which through the patronage is enormous, is still mainly upon his side. The official and regular management of the party is in the hands of his friends, and their confident reliance upon his power to defeat the President in the Senate inspires them to unusual activity.

The President, as the representative of the just cause of all citizens against a clique, will not, we hope, shrink from the contest. It is his duty to prevent the public service in this State from being used as a personal machine. The same reasons that demanded and justified the late changes in the Custom-house demand a similar change wherever the same abuses exist. The public service in New York should be de-Conklingized. If the restoration of the service to its public and impersonal ends be, as his friends assert, a blow at Mr. CONKLING, it is a legitimate blow, for the public offices certainly do not exist, and should not be allowed to be used, for the political benefit of any man. We do not mean that Mr. CONKLING's opponents should be appointed to office because they are his opponents, nor his friends removed because they are his friends. The holders of office will have their personal and political preferences like other men. But where offices are held by active CONKLING politicians, or by politicians active for any other person, a change should be made, to prevent the use of the offices for the benefit of any person whatever. The offices are public trusts, and the holders should not be suffered to use them to pack Conventions and to buy votes, and expect to escape by the plea that they do not steal the public money. An Administration which has plainly declared against such a prostitution of the public service is not justified in assenting to it upon the largest scale and with necessary disaster to the public welfare. In prosecuting the work the President must, of course, consent to bear the taunt of fighting an opponent with the patronage. But it is a pointless sneer, because it comes from those who think it right that a Senator should fight his opponents with the patronage. The President's course would be in strict accordance with his convictions, and he could not be accused of self-seeking, for he has declined upon principle a re-election. Revenge is plainly not consonant with his character or conduct, and the most creditable explanation of his recent action is the most obvious—that he means what he says. Those who think that the party ought not to be disturbed by this question of reform will not agree with us. Those who think that it is a political question as important as any that engages public attention will hope with us that the work begun in the New York Custom-house will be pushed with the force of conviction and of an earnest purpose.

THE END OF THE INVESTIGATION.

ON the 13th of May Mr. CLARKSON N. POTTER, of New York, introduced a resolution in the House of Representatives accusing the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States and the minister of the United States to France of infamous offenses. The charge against Mr. NOYES was founded upon M'LIN's affidavit; that against Secretary SHERMAN upon nothing whatever but the phrase "it is alleged." Such accusations were not partisan only; they involved the character of the country and the good name of republican government. They could be justified to honorable and patriotic Americans only by the utmost probability. The very fact that they proceeded from bitter partisans and the most notoriously doubtful of politicians should have caused the facts to be virtually assured before men of the highest official position, of honorable public careers, and of unblemished character were stigmatized as presumptive scoundrels and criminals. For this presumptive stigma Mr. POTTER made himself responsible. And now at the beginning of August it is fair to say that after an investigation of two months, designed to destroy honorable reputations, there is not an intelligent man or woman in the United States who has kept informed upon the subject who does not believe that the accusation against those gentlemen is totally unfounded.

There has been a cloud of witnesses, and the most important of them were self-confessed liars and perjurers. But the instant Mr. NOYES and Mr. SHERMAN are called to testify, their evidence is so plainly truthful, and remains so unshaken by the hostile cunning of cross-questioning, that the accusation disappears amid public contempt, and the inquiry is morally at an end. The charge against Mr. SHERMAN was that he was an accomplice in fraudulent action of the Louisiana Returning Board. The witness brought to prove it confessed that he was a liar, and rested his story upon a letter which has never been produced, and which another man, also a confessed liar, says that he destroyed. Mr. SHERMAN denies that he wrote such a letter; the letter as quoted does not prove the allegation; and all moral probability forbids the supposition that a letter promising reward for fraud could have been written by Mr. SHERMAN to a stranger. A letter of his, which he himself introduced in the course of his examination, is a plain statement of his position and that of his Republican associates in Louisiana, and expresses what we have no doubt to have been the truth of the situation. The letter was written from New Orleans to Mr. HAYES in Ohio, and was dated November 23, 1876. It concludes as follows:

> "We are in good hope and spirit. Not wishing the return in your favor unless it is clear that it ought to be so, and not willing to be cheated out of it, or to be 'bulldozed' or intimidated, the truth is palpable that you ought to have the vote of Louisiana, and we believe that you will have it by an honest and fair return according to the letter and spirit of the law of Louisiana. Very truly yours, JOHN SHERMAN."

Mr. POTTER's resolution charges by allegation that while Mr. SHERMAN was writing thus fairly to Mr. HAYES he was privately engaged in cheating to secure a false result. It was hoped, also, and openly charged by the abettors of the investigation, that Mr. HAYES would be caught in its toils, and driven in disgrace from the White House. During the canvass of 1876, Mr. DORSHEIMER, of this State, who brought to the task the zeal of a Democratic proselyte, searched the record of Mr. HAYES, and could find nothing even discreditable. It will be remembered that there was only one charge attempted against him, which was immediately disproved. Yet it was asserted that he would be shown to have been an accomplice in what was called the fraud of his own election. Here, however, is the reply of Mr. HAYES to the letter of Mr. SHERMAN—manly, simple, quiet, self-respectful, and therefore perfectly characteristic:

> "COLUMBUS, OHIO, 27th November, 1876.
>
> "MY DEAR SIR,—I am greatly obliged for your letter of the 23d. You feel, I am sure, as I do about this whole business. A fair election would have given us about forty electoral votes at the South—at least that many. But we are not to allow our friends to defeat one outrage and fraud by another. There must be nothing crooked on our part. Let Mr. TILDEN have the place by violence, intimidation, and fraud rather than undertake to prevent it by means that will not bear the severest scrutiny. I appreciate the work doing by the Republicans who have gone South, and am especially proud of the acknowledged honorable conduct of those from Ohio. The Democrats made a mistake in sending so many ex-Republicans. New converts are proverbially bitter and unfair toward those they have recently left. I trust you will soon reach the end of the work, and be able to return in health and safety. Sincerely, R. B. HAYES."

This is the letter of a man of whom Senator CONKLING, in the *World* interview, is reported to have said, "I am frank to say that I thought then there was something not exactly straight about that Louisiana business, but now I believe that when the whole truth is known, it will sink this Administration, President and all, to the lowest depths of infamy." It seems incredible that any Senator could have said this, or if he had not said it, could have treated it, under the circumstances, as mere wanton gossip. Senator CONKLING, however, has taken no notice of the report, and unquestionably he is generally believed to have said it. But the investigation and all its instigators, direct and indirect, have totally failed to smirch the Administration with the slightest countenance of fraud. The appointment to office of the Republican politicians who took active part in the Louisiana and Florida performance was in strict pursuance of the spoils system as practiced and justified by both parties, but it was an inconsistent and weak act upon the part of this Administration. It is for that, and for that alone, that it is to be blamed. Mr. POTTER will be forced in honor to report that the accusations of fraudulent conspiracy against Mr. NOYES and Mr. SHERMAN were utterly unfounded, and that no kind of dishonorable imputation attaches to either of them. No new light has been thrown upon the known rascality of Louisiana politics on both sides, but the Democratic purpose of showing guilty complicity with that rascality upon the part of leading Republicans has been completely baffled.

THE NEW PARTY.

THE uncertain and incalculable element in the political situation is the National or Greenback party. It is a mistake to think it of no importance because its active leaders are not conspicuous politicians, or because its Conventions are grotesque and turbulent, or because its demands are wild and unreasonable. The true importance of the movement can better be seen indirectly by the manner in which it is treated by the Conventions and the politicians of the old parties. The Democratic Conventions of the summer distinctly favor it. The Republican Conventions favor it less distinctly. The most emphatic and excellent declaration of simple and sound financial principles was made by the Republicans of Michigan, and they compelled the Democrats to declare "that gold and silver coin are the money of the Constitution, and that all paper currency should be convertible into such coin at the will of the holder." But the general tone of the platforms of both parties shows a consciousness that the "Greenback sentiment" is too wide-spread to be contemned.

Meanwhile, so accomplished and experienced a politician as Mr. THURLOW WEED compliments General BUTLER upon his bold declaration for the Greenback movement, and the New York *Times* reports a striking increase of the growth of the sentiment in Western Massachusetts, where a quiet observer estimates two-fifths of the Republicans to be BUTLER men. The Vermont Convention was silent upon the subject, but in Maine Mr. EUGENE HALE is reported in the *Tribune* as reciting the reasons why the Greenback men ought to support the Republican party; in other words, showing how far the party holds Greenback views. In New York, the Utica *Republican*, the organ of Senator CONKLING, with a shrewd consciousness that "labor reformers" and the Greenback party may have a few votes in the Legislature to cast for United States Senator, says tenderly of the nomination of General GRANT as a savior of society:

> "This attempt to antagonize every body who favors justice to the working-men, and thinks some reforms ought to be instituted to give them relief, is unjust, short-sighted, and ruinous to the Republican party.... Another mistake is the attempt to array the Republican party, which originated the greenback, as an exclusively hard-money party. The party lines have never been drawn on this question, and never can be without destroying both old parties. There are many good Republicans who believe in a greenback currency, but are willing to leave this question of the currency to be settled by the Congressional districts in the election of Congressmen. It is, in our judgment,

the only safe course to pursue. Divide the people on the financial question, and it will make a complete wreck of both the old parties. It is not safe or wise to make the finances a party question."

Every sign shows upon the part of the politicians a strong conviction that the Greenback movement is wide and deep, and that neither the Democratic nor the Republican party will declare, with the Michigan Republican Convention, simply and unequivocally for sound principles. This will tend to the further disintegration of the old parties—a tendency which can not be baffled by an effort to revive old issues. The growth of the Greenback party shows that it presents a real issue. The treatment and the remedy are undoubtedly mistaken, but the origin of the movement is very sincere. It springs from the general prostration of industry, which was largely due to the very thing which is now proposed as a remedy. "Absolute money"—that is, redundant paper, or paper at discretion—was the cause of the expansion and the fatal collapse. The sole real remedy is a healthful revival of industry, and a rigorous adhesion to the principle of the Michigan Republicans:

> "No prosperity can be real or durable that is founded on a fictitious standard; that the value of paper currency, whether issued by the government or banks, is derived from its promise to pay and the credit that promise is worth; that the full benefits of such currency can not be realized unless it is convertible on demand into gold and silver; that a circulation of paper and coin, interchangeable at par and at the will of the holder, has been proved by experience to be the best known to commerce; that this country is too great to submit to a subordinate place among commercial nations, and its people too honest to be content with unredeemed and irredeemable promises; and in the name of all the producing classes and every honest working-man we demand a currency that is worth not only its face value all over the Union, but will command respect, recognition, and its full value in every market of the world."

"Absolute money" is only such as common-sense and the consent of mankind agree to receive as such. Intelligent working-men know that political demagogues will say whatever they think that their audiences wish to hear, and they know also that industrial prostration can not be remedied by legislation and unlimited printing of paper. It is no less true that all class legislation for capital is unjust, but on the other hand, again, to foster hostility to capital is to cut the throat of labor.

A CORRECTION.

The Buffalo *Express* accuses us of a willful misrepresentation of its remarks upon the nomination of General Grant in 1880. It states that the sense of the sentence from which we recently quoted a passage was simply that he would be the strongest Republican candidate, if not the only one with whom success would be possible, not that he was necessary to the salvation of the country. We are sorry to have misapprehended the *Express*, and we gladly make the correction. The *Express*, however, will observe that in quoting we did not mention the source of the remark, and consequently could not have intended to injure it by misstating its views. Moreover, the misapprehension does not affect the reasoning of our article, because the position which the *Express* does not take is taken by other Republicans, and necessarily strengthens the Democratic view of the project of renominating General Grant—a project which thus far has found its chief support among those who have done most to destroy Republican prestige and ascendency.

THE MAINE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

The Maine Republican Convention was remarkable for two things—the mention of but one practical issue, and silence in regard to the Administration, at which, according to the Congressional address signed by Mr. Hale, the Democratic party has aimed a revolutionary blow. The practical issue which is prominent in the platform is that of the currency, which is one of the most vital of present questions, and the substance of the Maine declaration is contained in the words: "Our currency must be made as good as coin, and redeemable in it;" and "there must be no steps sideways or backward" from resumption. From the *Tribune's* report of the preliminary discussion of the leaders on the evening before the Convention, at which Mr. Blaine is said to have objected to the phrase, "gold or its equivalent," preferring the word "coin," it is to be presumed that this part of the platform was suggested by him. In his speech he asserted that the proposition of the Greenback party to violate the solemnly pledged faith of the nation would never be entertained by the Republican party. The tone of the Convention was indicated by the universal and loud applause which greeted the remark of Senator Hamlin that all the notes of the country ought to be redeemed in gold. If this was intended to be the meaning of the platform, it is not clear why it did not say so plainly. If it had been said, there would have been nothing equivocal in the declaration. As it is, however, no "Greenbacker" can suppose that in supporting the Republican ticket he is voting for the repeal of the Resumption Act or for repudiation. It is only to be regretted that, since the Greenbacker was not to be conciliated, the line of division should not have been as sharply drawn in the platform as in Senator Hamlin's speech. The election of the Republican ticket will show that the sentiment of Maine is financially sound.

The silence in regard to the Administration was expected, but it is unfortunate, because it is virtually a disclaimer of sympathy with its significance and aims. It shows that the Republican sentiment of Maine does not adopt the spirit of the Administration as that of the party, and by the traditions and usages of Conventions of an Administration party its silence means censure or irreconcilable difference. Taken with the other Republican platforms of the year, which agree only upon the duty of maintaining equal rights and of not paying rebel claims, the Maine platform signally illustrates the discordant and uncertain political situation of the country.

THE HOME STRETCH.

The winning crew of Columbia College have had a pleasant celebration of their success in Paris, where, fortunately, both President Barnard and President White, of Cornell, chanced to be, as Commissioners to the Exhibition. The American colony turned out in force, and there was hearty good feeling, and, of course, good speaking. The victors are now to return home, and a cordial welcome awaits them. But they will have been advised of the kind of resolution that was adopted at the City Hall, and will be prepared, doubtless, on their part to steer clear of ridicule as shrewdly as they steered clear of the jealous shore at Henley. They have won handsomely in a fair boat-race, amid the natural interest of the two countries, and the enthusiasm of their college mates will be exuberant and delightful. The character of the event borne well in mind will save the modest and meritorious crew from a great deal of confusion. Something has been said of a reception in the Governor's Room, and of the humiliation of effete monarchies involved in the success at Henley. But Columbia is not the college it is believed to be if its students permit any civic absurdities upon this pleasant occasion.

THE HELPING HAND.

One of the best forms of charity in modern times is that of care for the recreation of children and of persons whose lives would otherwise be totally unrelieved from the wearing pressure of daily toil. The older idea of charity was that of food to the starving, and aid to the sick and physically suffering. A finer sympathy perceives the starving soul, the sick and weary heart, and aims to console and cheer them. This higher humanity takes many forms. The Flower Mission is one; the societies for the protection of children and of animals are others; the newsboys' excursions, devised by the *Times* a few years since, and the "Fresh-air Fund" of the *Evening Post*, are forms of the same benevolence, and so especially are the homes by the sea and among the hills for working women and girls, due to the charitable hearts of thoughtful women. The chief value of this kind of charity is its pure humanity. There is nothing obligatory or perfunctory in it. There is a palpable duty to feed those who are actually starving and to nurse the sick, and it is performed often in an official and formal manner which deprives it of the soul of sympathy, which is the true blessing of charity. The descriptions of endowed charities which Dickens gives awaken a distinct feeling of commiseration for the victims of the chartered charities, as if they were victims of chartered cruelty, and there are pictures in early numbers of the *Illustrated News* of the Christmas dole of coals to the London poor, in which the bedizened beadle seems to typify the hard and cold spirit of the charity itself.

It was exceedingly interesting at the opening of the Flower Mission this year to hear the most eminent surgeons and medical men in the city say, with full hearts and eyes, that the little gifts of flowers did more than medicines for the patients in the public hospitals, and that the secret of the efficacy was the revelation made by such gifts to every solitary waif of humanity that it was not outcast or forgotten. These gentlemen, indeed, said that surgical operations were more successful on the flower days, this happy sense of sympathy serving as a tonic. There is the same kind of bond in the excursions and summer homes of recreation. There is a consciousness, generally involuntary, that the enjoyment which is furnished is an act of pure grace. Nothing but goodness, humanity, generous sympathy, would devise such schemes, and this is a consciousness that civilizes and softens the soul.

Mr. Thurlow Weed in more than one of his letters to the *Tribune* advocates the constant proving of this sympathy by personal contact with the poor, and there is no question that the true remedy for social jealousies is not a communistic levelling, which is simply drying up the fountains of the common welfare, but an actual and practical understanding of the situation of others, and the helpful and humane spirit of relief. The Christian theory of charity as expounded in stories and legends acknowledged the duty of relieving want, and implied knowledge of those who were in want; and there is, indeed, no real succor unless the want of the heart for intelligent sympathy is satisfied. This implies a constant widening of the sphere of relief, and, as we said, it involves necessary recreation as well as necessary food. In these torrid days the hand that kindly leads a little child away from the noisome city lane and tenement-house, or the devoted working-woman from her chamber or her shop, to breathe the air of the sea, or to behold, however unconsciously, the beauty of the mountains, is surely the hand over which the benediction was spoken, Whoever doeth it to the least of the little ones doeth it to Me.

THE JOKE OF THE SEASON.

The perfection of comedy is Mr. Disraeli, or Lord Beaconsfield, calling Mr. Gladstone "a sophistical rhetorician inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity and egotistical imagination." It is like the author of the *Wondrous Tale of Alroy* sneering at Sir Walter Scott for "hifalutin," or Laura Matilda accusing Thackeray of sentimentality. The exquisiteness of the jest lay largely, of course, in the solemnity with which it was uttered, and if Mr. Gladstone has any sense of humor whatever, he could not have helped enjoying the absurdity. The feeling with which Lord Beaconsfield is regarded even by his own party shows the essential difference between the men. Whatever criticisms may be made upon Mr. Gladstone, he is felt to be an earnest, honest, sturdy, genuine Englishman; and that is precisely what his opponent is felt not to be. If he be called a new Bolingbroke, the aptness of the sarcasm is irresistible that he is a Brummagem Bolingbroke; and to call his diplomacy pyrotechnical, and his politics a Cagliostro conjuring, is to say what is instantly and universally recognized as true.

Lord Beaconsfield is so shrewd a master of effects that he doubtless carefully designed the epithets lavished upon Mr. Gladstone as a novel and agreeable amusement to the nation. After the sumptuous dinner at the Carlton Club he rises, with a perfectly well-dissembled gravity, and taking the character of a plain, sensible, simple country gentleman who despises all kinds of sham and fustian and fire-works, and is impatient of nothing so much as of egotism and play-acting and posturing, he proceeds to describe his opponent as the incarnation of all that most characterizes the consummate actor himself. It was a delightful stroke, and gives the noble earl a new claim upon the adoration of the "Jingoes."

PERSONAL.

At Richfield Springs they combine watering-place diversions with practical benevolence in a very pretty way. The Episcopal church has received great assistance from Marie Roze, who has occasionally volunteered to sing in the choir. This has aided to crowd the church, and to so increase the contributions as nearly to extinguish the church debt. Another touching instance of remorse is seen among the euchre and poker players, who devote a large portion of their sinful winnings for the benefit of the church. And this is an Episcopal church, not the church to which Mrs. Partington belonged, which she described as "one of the paradox denomination where the Word of the Lord was dispensed with."

—Mr. Henry M. Stanley recently gave a dinner to Colonel Thomas M. Knox at Paris, at which a score of journalists and literary men were present. At their request Stanley gave a minute and thrilling account of the relief of his starving expedition at the mouth of the Congo. This recital, says the New York *Times*, "which was given in the simplest and most modest manner, occupied two hours, was listened to with breathless attention throughout, and at the close there was not a dry eye in the room. Its eloquence was in its simple truth, and one who was present says that it was the most interesting and pathetic narrative he had ever heard. Surely a man who can hold for two whole hours a company of journalists and authors, many of whom had travelled far and wide, and had moving and perilous experiences themselves, must have something extraordinary to relate, and must be possessed of the gift of true eloquence."

—The late Samuel Miller, of Richmond, Virginia, was so great a miser that when he died his entire household furniture was worth less than $300. Yet he left an estate of nearly $1,500,000, most of it for the education of poor children of Albemarle County, Virginia, free of all expense. They are to be taught the sciences, languages, and works of the hands. The Miller Manual-labor School buildings, costing about $100,000, were recently dedicated. They are situated near Meachum's River Dépôt, Albemarle County. The school has an endowment of $850,000.

—The Lord Chancellor of England, Lord Cairns, has recently thrown in his lot quite strongly with the religious world. He was lately advertised as the chief attraction at what was called "The Christian Convention and Summer Fête," held at Ilford under the management and honorary direction of "Dr." Bernardo; Lord Aberdeen, Lady Aberdeen, and Lady Cairns were also present.

—The editor of a Connecticut paper says: "We happened to be present in the pay clerk's office of the Senate when Senator and ex-Governor James E. English came to draw his first installment of pay. Finding that compensation from the date of the death of Senator Ferry was subject to his draft, he with honorable spirit remarked, 'I have no moral right to money I have not earned, and will not appropriate a cent of pay which has not accrued since I arrived here and was sworn in;' and he did not." Governor English is one of the wealthiest men in Connecticut, his fortune having been mainly acquired by successful manufacturing enterprises and fortunate investments.

—Major J. M. Bundy, the genial and appreciative editor of our bright contemporary the *Evening Mail*, thus pleasantly refers to Harper's "Franklin Square Library:" "If we had in this country a body like the French Academy to award some honorable distinction to the most meritorious literary enterprise of each year, we think there would be no hesitation in bestowing that distinction this year on the 'Franklin Square Library.' The publishers of the Library have done a great deal for good literature during the many years their house has been established, but they have done nothing deserving of greater thanks from the whole country than they are entitled to for the 'Franklin Square Library.'" This was written apropos of a recent number of the Library in question—a charming story entitled *Henriette*, translated from the French of Ernest Daudet by Laura E. Kendall, who has rendered the work into English with a fluency and ease that leave not a trace of foreign idiom to be detected in her gracefully rounded periods. Harper's "Half-hour Series" also contains several volumes that prove the aptitude of American women for translation—*The Letters of Von Moltke*, translated by Miss Grace Bigelow; *The Curate of Orsières*, *Squire Paul*, and *Blue Glasses*, translated by Miss Mary A. Robinson, the accomplished daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Edward Robinson; and *The Primer of German Literature*, by Helen S. Conant, whose exquisite poetical translations in that little work are models of graceful and melodious versification combined with close fidelity to the originals.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Maine Republican State Convention was held at Portland on the 30th ult. Governor Connor was unanimously renominated. The platform demands "honest money for the people. Our currency must be made as good as coin," it declares, "and redeemable in it."—The South Carolina Democrats met in Charleston on the 1st inst., and renominated Governor Hampton and all the other State officers. The Vermont Greenbackers met at Burlington the same day, adopted a platform, and adjourned till the 22d.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Eastern Question: The evacuation of Shumla was carried out on the 20th ult., in the best order, the Russians entering the city amid the huzzas of the Christian people.—The Austrian troops crossed the frontier into Bosnia on the 29th ult. The Turks offered a nominal resistance at Brod, refusing to strike their flag or evacuate the guard-house until the Austrians threatened to fire. On the 1st inst. the occupation of Herzegovina took place. The following proclamation was distributed among the people by the troops: "The Austrian troops come as friends, to stop evils which have for many years disturbed Bosnia and Herzegovina and the Austrian borders. The Emperor Francis Joseph could no longer look on and see the sufferings of these provinces, where force and turbulence reigned, while the government of the country was incapable of restoring order, and want and misery were knocking at the frontiers of his own states. The Emperor, therefore, directed the eyes of Europe to your position, and the Council of Nations decided that Austria should give you back your long-missed peace and prosperity. The Sultan commits you to the protection of his mighty friend the Emperor. The Austrian troops bring you peace, not war; they will protect all and oppress none. Established customs and institutions will be respected. The revenues will be applied solely to the wants of the country. Arrears of taxes will not be collected."—In the British House of Lords, on the 26th ult., the Marquis of Salisbury, replying to a question, entered upon a general defense of the government's policy in concluding the Anglo-Russian agreement, which, he said, was intended to prevent a war in the event of the failure of the Congress, and not to tie the hands of the government during the discussions. He declared the government was under no engagements for the future except those which had been presented before the House.—The debate on Lord Hartington's resolution against England's Eastern policy was opened in the House of Commons on the 29th ult. The Hon. Randle Plunkett moved, as a vote of confidence, his amendment expressing the hope that the government's efforts would preserve peace, maintain the interests of the empire, and ameliorate the condition of the East. Mr. Plunkett declared that it is quite obvious to Russia that England will never recede from her obligations in regard to Asia Minor. It is not an English custom to avoid responsibilities because they are unprecedented.

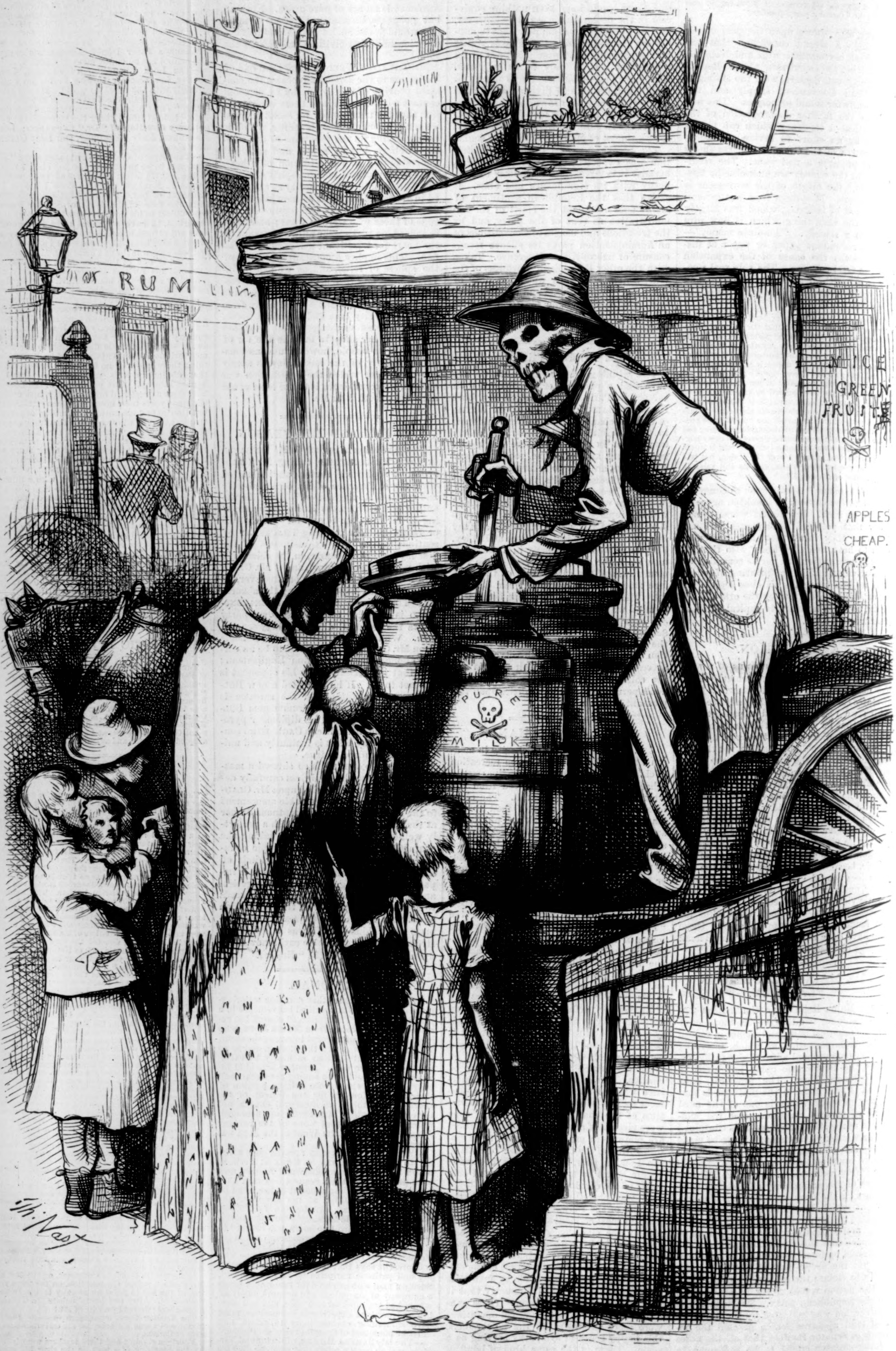
Nubar Pasha, who was summoned from Paris by the Khedive to assist him in the establishment of reforms in Egypt, has accepted the post of minister without a portfolio.

The elections for members of the German Parliament were held on the 30th ult. The latest returns show that 47 Conservatives, 74 National Liberals, 19 Progressists, 35 Ultramontanes, 2 Alsacian Irreconcilables, 2 Alsacian Autonomists, 3 Socialists, 8 Poles, and 1 Particularist have been chosen, and that thirty-six second ballots are necessary.

In the British House of Commons, on the 31st ult., Mr. Plimsoll moved the rejection, on the third reading, of the bill to grant an annuity to the Duke of Connaught. After two hours' debate Mr. Plimsoll's motion was rejected by a vote of 151 to 13.

The London *Times* announces officially that the Marquis of Lorne has accepted the Governor-Generalship of Canada.

Fourteen children and three teachers were drowned by the capsizing of a boat on the river Blackwater, near Bailieborough, Ireland, on the 26th ult.


RUM
NICE GREEN FRUIT
APPLES CHEAP.
PURE MILK
Th. Nast

SWILL MILK.

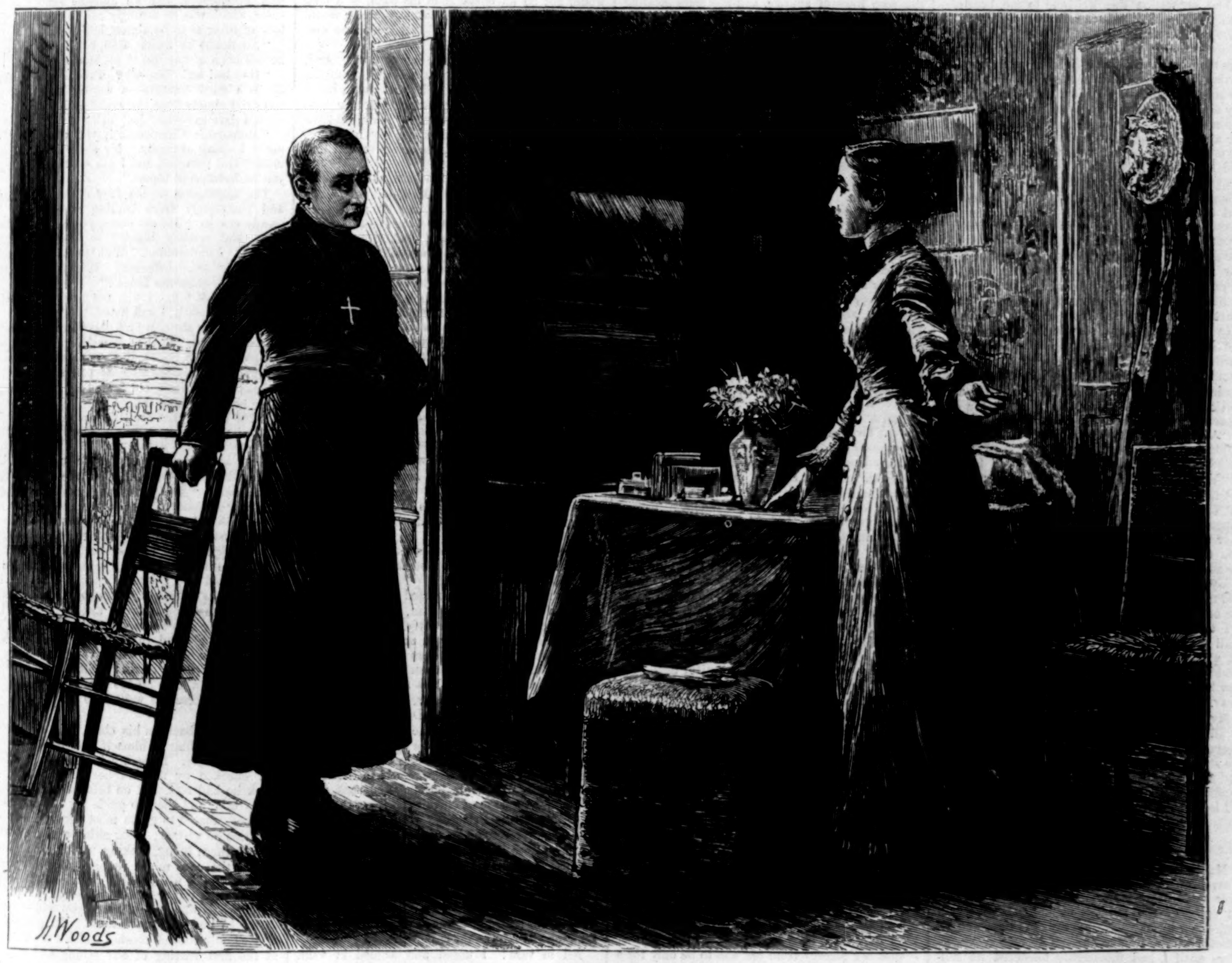
AMONG ALIENS.*

By MRS. FRANCES E. TROLLOPE,

Author of "Veronica," "Anne Furness," "Mabel's Progress," "The Sacristan's Household," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

From that day we were haunted by Don Gregorio. Even Lucy found his frequent company oppressive, although she would hardly acknowledge as much openly. As for me, I daily threatened to affront him past forgiveness, and so get rid of his visits, and daily found it impossible to carry out the threat, so mild, long-suffering, and impervious to the broadest hints did I find his reverence. "If he would but wash his hands *sometimes!*" I exclaimed, in despair. And indeed his divorce from soap and water was not the least of the disturbances to my peace of mind occasioned by Don Gregorio's presence. I wondered at first why Monsignor Chiappaforti, who was certainly a shrewd, clever man, had intrusted any mission of conversion to Don Gregorio Galli, since even Lucy's charitable judgment could not but rate him low in intelligence, and even Lucy's humility must find it difficult not to look down upon instead of up to him. But it soon became clear to me that Don Gregorio was employed not to guide my young sister, but to watch her. And Monsignore had shown his usual acuteness in selecting him for this task. The Signor Curato's zeal was indefatigable, and his good temper (or stupidity) impregnable. Go where we might, do what we would, many hours of the day did not pass without our seeing the rusty black suit and dusty shovel-hat of Don Gregorio, and hearing his long-winded complimentary speeches, the utter fatuity, formality, and falseness of which had an absolutely paralyzing effect on me. I used to sit dumbly staring at his reverence's unwashed and unshaven countenance, and listening to his reverence's soul-exhausting commonplaces, with the helpless sensation of a sleeper oppressed by nightmare.



"I HAD RISEN FROM MY SEAT WHEN I SAW HIM, AND REMAINED STANDING."

One refuge I had from him, or I believe his persecution would have driven me from Tivoli: I could get away from him to the Villa of Quintilius, and paint in peace. That was rather too long an excursion for Don Gregorio. Perhaps, indeed, he might even have got out so far as that in pursuit of Lucy, but it was not worth his while to follow me thither. Lucy, meanwhile, passed her mornings safely in the gardens of the Villa d'Este; and though the old priest occasionally looked in upon her even there, he seemed to be satisfied to leave her for the most part in the seclusion and almost solitude of the gardens. At that time of year visitors were few, and if a stray party of tourists did appear, it was easy to avoid them.

Meanwhile I was working earnestly, sometimes at the landscape, and sometimes at the study of Monica's head. That volcanic young person was now in a period of quiescence. She had had a slight return of the intermittent fever. This had subdued her, and she would now sit still for hours, in a languid, restful attitude, which was the very thing I wanted, so that I got on famously, and began to hope that I should make a fairly good thing of my picture. The picture itself was not properly begun; but I meant to work at it when I returned to Rome, under my master's eye. What I was doing in Tivoli was merely to make studies for it. My notion was to paint a kind of personification of the wild, sad, fever-stricken, mournfully beautiful Roman Campagna, under the form of a female peasant, and to call it "A Child of the Soil," or some such name. For this purpose Monica seemed to me a perfect model, especially when her natural savagery was only smouldering, as it were, beneath the languor of laziness and malaria. Her tiger flashes of ferocity (however interesting a study in themselves) were not for my present purpose. I therefore refrained from recurring to the subject of her enemy, the nobleman. And she seemed to have thought no more of him since the day when his unexpected appearance in Tivoli had so moved her. During some happy interval of release from the society of Don Gregorio I began to give a brief outline of Monica's story to Lucy. But I almost regretted having done so when I saw what an impression it made on my sister. She was even uneasy at my spending hours alone with such a fierce, untamed creature.

"Her brother, you know, was a murderer in intent, Catherine," said Lucy, with a shudder. "And I fear she would not scruple to follow his example, if she were provoked."

I tried to laugh my sister out of her tremors. "I believe I am safe from assassination," said I, "unless, indeed, I expire of exhaustion after a long visit from Don Gregorio." But I was rather glad that I had not mentioned the fact of Pasquale's rival having actually been seen in Tivoli, and that Lucy had interrupted me before I had got to that point; for she was so nervous and horror-stricken at my account of Monica's code of ethics, that, if she had known this circumstance, she would have been tormented by the apprehension of some scene of violence and bloodshed. Always timid and gentle, she had of late become nervous to excess. Her spirits and health were evidently being undermined by a constant anxiety and mental struggle. Sometimes, when I looked at her, I was tempted to wish that she would make the final resolve, and openly become a Catholic. Any thing would be better than this doubt and suspense. Again, the project would cross my mind to give up all my studies in Rome, and return with Lucy to England, as I had threatened Monsignore I would do. In that case, farewell to all hope of future distinction and present improvement in my art. But that hope—although it was dear to me—I would unhesitatingly have sacrificed, if by so doing I could insure my sister's peace of mind. Yes; I am sure, on calmly looking back to that time, that I would have made the sacrifice. Nor do I deem it a great boast to say so. To see Lucy anxious and unhappy poisoned all my life; and no artistic glories I could conceive of would have had power to elate me while she was depressed.

I come now to a strange crisis in our lives, which seemed to overtake us as suddenly as an Alpine storm, but which had, of course, been gradually prepared by many circumstances working blindly together, and by some other circumstances artfully arranged and combined to one end. The first shock of it came in this form:

Lucy one evening received a letter sealed with a large coat of arms. Our correspondents were very few, and none of them, I need scarcely say, used such aristocratic signs of dignity as the ostentatious heraldic device in red wax which made Lucy's letter look imposing. I handed it to her with a jest about her grand correspondent. She took it with a smile, which grew brighter when she had cast her eyes on the superscription. "It is the Princess's writing," she said. "Very likely there is a letter inside from Francesca and Livia. They were to be allowed to write to me, if they could manage to achieve an epistle in English."

She broke the seal, still smiling, and I went on with some needle-work that I had in hand. "Well," said I, after some minutes' silence, "is the children's English undecipherable?" and at the same time I lifted my eyes from my stitching. What I saw forced a cry of terror from me. Lucy sat there pale to the lips, with the open letter on the table before her, and a look of such frozen anguish on her white face as almost made my heart stand still.

"My Lucy!" I cried, "my child! what is the matter?"

She shivered and trembled violently from head to foot, but did not speak. When I grasped at the letter, she feebly tried to hold it back, with a little piteous moan; but I seized it without scruple. And I read it while she sat cowering and trembling in her chair, with her face hidden in her clasped hands.

Oh, it was a cruel letter! The Princess Olympia—for she was the writer—thoroughly understood the softness and sensibility of the nature she was minded to wound. Not a word was lost; not a sting was mitigated by one touch of pity. The Princess began at once by a direct accusation:

"You have repaid my kindness by black ingratitude," she wrote. "You have tried to seduce my son away from me, from his duty, and from his station. Your arts appear the more hateful from being cloaked under an appearance of modest simplicity. My innocent children have revealed to me the frequent interviews which they witnessed between Don Vittorio and yourself. I am loath to sully their pure minds with such suspicions as attach to your conduct, but it will be my imperative duty to warn them against you, and to forbid them to see you, or communicate with you in any way. How far your insolent sister has been your accomplice I know not. She is an unscrupulous and irreligious woman, the companion of revolutionary infidels, and her conduct, therefore, is not surprising. But in *you* I have been grossly deceived. The dreadful suspicion assails me that your desire to be instructed in our holy faith was merely a part of your plan to ingratiate yourself with my family for the basest purposes. But this idea is so truly horrible that I fervently pray it may be erroneous. Attempt not any exculpation. It would be in vain. I know all. My son followed you to Tivoli. He has had stolen interviews with you there in the gardens of the Villa d'Este. Your reputation is destroyed forever, if I speak one-half of what I know and can prove against you. Your sister's professional career in Rome can be cut short by a word from me. What decent, self-respecting persons, even among the heretics, would countenance such dangerous and wily women when once unmasked?

"But I would not shut the door against repentance; Heaven forbid! Repent, amend, do penance in the dust! Seek out some holy guide to the true religion. Implore the compassion of the Blessed Virgin for the evil past, and her strengthening help for the future. It is your only hope. Olympia Bastiani Corleoni.

"Indulge in no self-delusions. Vittorio has confessed every thing to me. O. B. C."

This was to me so utterly unexpected that I know not whether amazement or burning indignation were the greater as I read. But the amazement passed, and the indignation remained—and remains. But for the moment my sole care was for Lucy. All other feelings were forcibly thrust aside by anxiety for her. I can not describe the strange state of prostration she had fallen into. She was like one who has received a stunning blow, in the literal sense of the words. A sort of numbness seemed to have taken pos-

---

* Copyright, 1878, by Harper & Brothers.

session of all her faculties. It seemed a painful effort for her even to articulate a word in answer to my attempts to soothe and comfort her. She did not lament, she did not shed a tear, but just sat still in her chair, ashy pale, and shivering from head to foot like a terrified bird. I was terrified in my turn. This state of nervous prostration was something of which I had no experience, and I knew not how to deal with it. I touched Lucy's hand; it was cold and listless. I spoke to her again and again; she merely shook her head feebly, and cowered away from me in her chair with a shrinking movement of the shoulders. What was to be done? She could not be allowed to remain thus.

In the midst of my most painful perplexity the landlady of the humble lodging came into the room to announce a visit from Don Gregorio.

"Send him away," said I; "my sister is ill."

The woman, who, though coarse and ignorant, was kindly, and, like most of her country-women, intensely sympathetic with illness, advanced to see what was the matter. Her experience suggested but one cause for Lucy's trembling. "She shivers," said the Signora Anna, commonly called "S'ora Nanna;" "she has the fever. Oh! it will be nothing, Signorina. Don't take on. Get her to bed, and cover her up warm and give her a dose of quinine. By-and-by the hot fit will come on."

The suggestion was welcome to me, because, although I did not believe Lucy had fever—or at least not the malaria fever which the S'ora Nanna meant—yet it was evident that she was ill; and this notion of the fever furnished an excuse for having her nursed and kept quiet which would be accepted without question. And I could not say aloud, "My sister has been poisoned by venomous words." We must keep that to ourselves for a while. She submitted to go to bed. She let me undress her and cover her up with cloaks and shawls. I made her a warm drink, and though she piteously begged to be left quiet, she submitted to swallow it without much difficulty, and then lay down with her face hidden in the pillow, and her bright curls tossed disorderly about it. After a little hesitation I resolved to leave her for half an hour or so, in the hope that she might fall asleep from pure exhaustion. "Pray God that wicked woman has not murdered her!" I exclaimed aloud in the misery of my heart as I closed the bedroom door.

In the sitting-room, standing at the window and looking out into the tangled wilderness of weeds and shrubs that they called a garden, I found Don Gregorio. The brief twilight was coming on rapidly, and he loomed large and black in it against the window-panes. My entrance into the room caused him to turn round.

"Ah, Signorina," he began, with his usual flourishing bow, "I am so grieved to hear of your dear sister's illness. I trust it is not serious; I—"

"You had better go away," said I. "I can not talk to you now—nor listen."

"Certainly not, Signorina. You can not be expected to listen, I am sure. I am *so* sorry to hear of the Signorina Lucia's illness! Just at this time, too, when I am expecting the great pleasure and honor of a visit from Monsignor Chiappaforti. He arrives to-morrow, and he will make a point, I have no doubt, of coming to see our amiable invalid as soon as—"

I turned on him, being fairly at bay. "He shall not come here to torment my sister," I said. "I will not have her troubled or disturbed for the Pope himself. Do you understand me? And now be so good as to take your departure. Go away. I think I speak plainly."

My words, or my tone, or my stern, angry face, or all three together, succeeded in piercing Don Gregorio's suave dullness for once, at all events. He started, stared, backed a few steps from me, and then absolutely turned round and ran away, shuffling down the stairs as fast as his meagre old legs could carry him.

CHAPTER IX.

My sister at length fell into a deep sleep, and I sat down to think at my leisure. First, I read over again more than once the Princess's letter. In spite of the passion of indignation which surged up in me each time my eyes rested on its hateful words, I forced myself to read it attentively until I had thoroughly mastered its contents. Ugh! Even to think of it now makes me hot with anger; and at the time I believe it would have cost me a less effort of will to hold my hand against a scorching flame than it did to compel my mind steadily to consider that letter with all the judgment I could bring to bear on it.

First of all there needed but little reflection to convince me that the Princess's statement respecting the "revelations" made to her by the little girls, Francesca and Livia, of Don Vittorio's interviews with Lucy in the school-room was a lying pretense. She ignorant of what went on day after day in her own house! I believe a mouse could hardly stir behind the wainscot but she knew it. No; had she wished to prevent her son's visits to the school-room she could have done so with perfect ease. Why she had chosen to permit those visits, and why, having permitted them, she now chose to reproach Lucy with them, I did not yet see.

The next point was a more startling and painful one. She spoke of stolen interviews between her son and my sister in the gardens of the Villa d'Este. This, too, I was at first convinced was a falsehood, but on a second and calmer perusal of the letter that conviction was shaken. I could not waken Lucy to question her then; it would have been too cruel. And so the doubt remained in my mind, as painful and irritating as a thorn in the flesh. But I must perforce wait until next morning to remove it.

Thirdly, I was struck by the loop-hole which the Princess left open to Lucy for a possible reconciliation. It is true she never used that word. She even declared that she must forbid her children to hold any communication with Lucy, or to see her again. But I understood her phraseology well enough to be sure that she intended to hold out a glimmer of hope. Her words about cutting short my career in Rome—her phrase "Your reputation is destroyed forever, if I speak one-half of what I know and can prove against you," were all conditional threats. On what was their fulfillment or non-fulfillment to be contingent? Not on the Christian charity of Donna Olympia Corleoni, let the condition be what else it might. Heaven help any creature in her power who should depend on that hollow mockery! Her object seemed to me to be, first to beat down Lucy into the dust, and then to raise her from it after her own good-will and pleasure. She had reckoned on Lucy's childish inexperience, on her softness and timidity, on the sensitiveness of her affections. She had learned accurately the points of the girl's nature that could be most effectually hurt.

"But you have not quite as accurately learned to know *me*, Donna Olympia Bastiani Corleoni!" I exclaimed to myself.

Lucy still slept, or seemed to sleep, when I went to my bed beside hers in the same room. The next morning I awoke with the dawn, and looking over at her, saw her pale face tinted with the rose hues of sunrise, and the tears stealing down her cheeks from beneath her closed eyelids. I arose, and wrapped some clothes loosely round me, and went and seated myself on the side of her bed. "Lucy," I said, "you are not sleeping. I want to talk to you."

She shrank away, hiding her face in the pillow without opening her eyes, and murmured brokenly, "Oh, Catherine, don't be angry with me! Don't *you* cease to love me, or I shall die."

"Angry with you, my pet! No, little Lucy, my little sister that I have loved from a tiny, tiny infant! You can not think that I shall cease to love you. If your dear dead mother could come back to earth, I think even she would be content with my love for you, Lucy."

Then the poor child burst into a passion of sobbing, and throwing her arms round my neck, blessed and thanked me, and begged me to forgive her and love her still, though she had been "very, very wrong to deceive me," until my eyes filled too, and we cried in each other's arms. The ebullition of her pent-up feelings relieved her heart, overcharged with sorrow and shame and vague terrors. And presently she was able to speak to me clearly, and with something like calmness. The gist of what she told me was this:

Don Vittorio Corleoni had professed the most fervent love for her. The first announcement of his passion had been made in a little note slipped into her hand with the English letter she was to translate. In it he had conjured her to keep his secret for the present, as he should have to encounter many troubles and annoyances if it were known, as yet. He trusted to her honor not to betray him to his mother, or to her sister, or to any one. She had returned his note to him at the earliest opportunity, and had told him that if he so addressed her again she should be compelled to appeal to the Princess. So far, so good. But what chance had little soft-hearted, simple-minded Lucy against Vittorio Corleoni? The poor child had fallen in love with the fine qualities her romantic fancy attributed to that handsome, high-bred mask, those beautiful deep blue eyes. I have recently read somewhere the dictum enunciated by a masculine critic that "no man but a fool can fail to perceive when a woman is in love with him." Don Vittorio's folly, at all events, was not of the kind which is apt to fall into mistakes from diffidence of its own attractions or a too exalted opinion of the claims of others. He thought it the most probable thing in the world that Lucy should be in love with him; any other state of things would have been almost inconceivable to him.

In a word, he persuaded her to trust in him, and to keep the first secret she had ever had from me. It is not a new or rare case. A sister, even the fondest, has small chance against a lover, when they are weighed by a girl of eighteen in all the enchantment of a first romance of the heart. But Lucy vowed—and I believed her—that her secrecy from me was to be only for a brief while: that she never ceased to urge Vittorio to confide in me, whom she could trust as herself, she assured him; and that he constantly promised to tell me every thing soon, if Lucy would but be patient and prudent for a little time. He had even spoken of his great respect for me and admiration of my talents, and had hinted at the great things he and Lucy might be able to do for my advancement as an artist. Ah, poor, credulous, unsuspecting child! He had fooled her to the top of her bent. The extent of his influence over her was more startlingly represented to me by the following circumstance than by any thing else—she had kept the most absolute silence about his pursuit of her, even to Monsignor Chiappaforti. That that astute gentleman more than suspected it I did not doubt, but at least he had not heard a hint of it from Lucy. She had been firm and stanch.

The efforts to convert her had gone on in the Palazzo Corleoni simultaneously with Don Vittorio's wooing, but apart from it. Lucy, poor child, was eager to assure me that her mind had been drawn to the Roman Catholic Church before she had ever thought of Vittorio as a lover. And I did not doubt that she spoke the truth. Nevertheless, I did not doubt also that—unconsciously, perhaps, to herself—her infatuation for Don Vittorio prepared her to be infatuated with his faith, with his family, with his country—with all that belonged to him. By a series of searching questions I gathered from Lucy that Don Vittorio had shown himself but lukewarm on the subject of her conversion. And this fact alone would have been sufficient to convince me (even had there not been, alas! a crowd of others pointing to the same conclusion) that he did not mean honorably by her. His wife—the wife of Don Vittorio de' Principi Bastiani Corleoni and the future head of the house!—must, of course, belong to the true Church. Heresy would have meant degradation, decadence, social ostracism, for his wife; but for his mistress the case was different. My blood boiled in my veins as I thought of it all. But no suspicion of this kind appeared to have crossed Lucy's mind. Having once begun her confession she spoke freely and without reservation. "Vittorio can not blame me for telling you now," she said. She even showed me the precious scrap of paper in which he had first declared his love—I loathe to profane that word in writing of him—but although neither in that, nor in any of his reported utterances to her, did the word "marriage" once occur, she never appeared to doubt for an instant that he sought her as his wife. Distantly and cautiously, I ventured to hint a suspicion; but I need not have feared to startle her. Her mind seemed incapable of taking in such an idea. Her only conception of my meaning was that I accused her lover of possible weakness in yielding to the opposition of his family, and so giving her up. And to this she merely replied, with a trembling lip and tearful eyes, "I know I am far beneath him in every way, and I would not be an obstacle in his path, or a clog on him—only I do believe that no one else would make him so happy as I, because no one else *could* love him as I love him."

It was maddening to hear her talk so. And, although I put a strong constraint on myself, being resolved to be gentle and patient with her, I could not help my voice taking a sterner tone as I asked the direct question: "Lucy, does the Princess speak falsely when she says you have had stolen interviews with her son in the gardens of the Villa d'Este?"

"No; she speaks truly—at least, as she thinks, truly. I was going to tell you how it was, Catherine. Vittorio came here without my knowledge. We had had a little quarrel—at least—he had been vexed at my coming to Tivoli! When you thought Monsignore was setting himself against the visit, you were mistaken. It was really Vittorio. But he ought not to be blamed for that. He only wanted to keep me in Rome because he was fond of me, you know."

"Or of himself! Well, go on."

"But then when I was gone, he was so miserable. He wanted to write to me, but then he thought you—might—"

"Well?"

"He knew you would see the letter, and perhaps question me about it, and so—he resolved to ride over all the way, only on the chance of being able to catch a glimpse of me, even if he could not speak to me. He would not have done that, Catherine, if he had not loved me truly."

"And was it his true-love which induced him to follow you to the gardens of the Villa when you were alone? He must have bribed the portress to let him in."

"No, no, Catherine! Indeed not! She knew him. The Princess spent a summer once at Tivoli."

"He then knowingly exposed you to the comments of that ignorant woman, full of the ideas and prejudices of her country, who of all the matter only knows that you are the sister of a poor artist, a young motherless girl, who receives stolen visits from a gentleman of Don Vittorio's rank and consequence! You see what his lady mother writes; how *she* views, or affects to view, such imprudent behavior! Don Vittorio knows as well as the Princess that he was cruelly injuring your reputation in the eyes of all his people."

But it was all of no use. She blamed herself, she was willing to humble herself to the dust; but Vittorio was noble-hearted, generous, magnanimous, a mirror of chivalry! How, then, did she interpret the Princess's words, "My son has confessed every thing," and the Princess's scornful reproaches following thereon? Had not Don Vittorio betrayed his love's confidence, and given her up to insult and evil repute? If he could not control or mitigate the arrogant violence of his mother's resentment, he could at least have disowned it! He could have come and stood by Lucy openly—he could have written!

All in vain! I urged and argued in vain. And it grieved me to the soul to think how sharp the pain would be, how crushing the blow, when Lucy should be convinced by bitter experience that this idol she now worshipped was a poor, hollow, brittle, painted piece of clay.

The rest of that day passed miserably enough. Lucy was really ill—nervous, languid, and unable to take food. Toward four o'clock a violent headache oppressed her, and I made her go to bed, and darkened the windows; for the light hurt her poor eyes, inflamed with crying. Lucy had, apparently, not thought of making any reply to the Princess Olympia's letter. But I had thought of it. I would do nothing rashly, but I had thought—not whether I should answer the letter, for on that I was unshakably resolved—but how to answer it. And I was still thinking, when I heard the door of our sitting-room softly opened, and a light footstep on the bare brick floor. The step was very unlike S'ora Nanna's ox-like tread. I turned my head, and saw Monsignor Chiappaforti.

CHAPTER X.

He came forward with a sweet, sympathizing look on his face—a look that needed but the slightest modification to serve for various occasions of condolence, from a broken tea-cup and genteel comedy, up to a broken heart and unfashionable tragedy. To which category he was disposed to assign my present troubles I was uncertain. I think he was himself uncertain for a few seconds. When he spoke it was in a moderate and measured tone of sympathy, and his countenance was just a very little less sweet as soon as he fully saw mine, than it had been on his first entrance. "This is a sad disappointment, my dear Signorina," he said. "I arrived here hoping to find both you and our dear Lucia well and merry, and enjoying your holiday, and now Don Gregorio tells me that your sister is ill."

"Yes, Monsignore; she is ill."

"Dear, dear, dear! What is it? A touch of fever? Have you any advice for her?"

"I shall see that she is taken care of."

"I am sure you will. There can be no doubt of that."

I had risen from my seat when I saw him, and remained standing, he also standing, with his large ecclesiastical hat in his hand. I was vividly conscious of the contrast between my curt roughness of speech and manner and his smooth politeness; but I was resolved to make no pretenses, nor to cry "peace" with my lips when there was war in my heart. I did not doubt that Monsignore was privy to the fact of the Princess's cruel letter. Perhaps he had even inspired it. Of this at least I was sure, that all his feelings in the matter would be ranged on her side and against us.

"I hope my worthy friend Don Gregorio Galli has been able to be of some use to you here?" said Monsignore, with an amiable inflection of voice, which was so strongly contrasted with the tone of mine as to be almost ludicrous.

"No doubt he meant well, but I can not say he has been of any use to us, Monsignore."

"Ha! ha! ha! No—eh? Poor Don Gregorio! He is a good creature—a worthy soul; but he has lived remote from the world, and lacks *savoir-vivre*, I dare say—ha! ha! ha!"

"Monsignor Chiappaforti, you must forgive me if I speak abruptly. My sister is ill. I am uneasy and troubled, and I *can not* now talk with you on indifferent topics."

The expression of his face changed at once and completely from smiling nonchalance to steady gravity. He sat down, put his hat on the table, and settling himself in his chair, said, "Good. I understand. Will you talk on a topic which is *not* indifferent? Will you talk on a topic which concerns Lucia?"

"I can not tell. I will not promise to talk. But if you wish it, I will listen."

Monsignore shrugged his shoulders very slightly, and replied, "That is something! One must be thankful for the smallest concession from so—ahem!—admirably resolute a person."

I made no answer, but folded my hands on the table before me and waited.

"The fact is, that the Princess Corleoni is displeased with Lucia—very seriously displeased. This grieves me, I assure you."

Here he paused, expecting me to speak; but as I did not, he proceeded in the same even, grave tone. "Now you love frankness, and have strength of mind to bear it, therefore I will say frankly that I think Lucia has been to blame. Frankly now, do you not think so yourself?"

"Monsignore, to answer such a question as that made no part of my agreement with you when I told you I would listen. However, before I could answer it, if I would, I must know precisely what you mean in asking it. To what point in my sister's conduct do you refer? I take it for granted that you have some special thing in your mind for which you blame Lucy."

"Has not the Princess written to her?" he asked, taken a little off his guard.

"The Princess has written to her."

"Oh!"

He leaned back in his chair, half closing his eyes and nodding to himself as if he were meditating my reply. In reality, I believe he felt himself checked by my stubborn inflexibility. I think he had reckoned on being able to lead me on to talk, and then to guide my talking, as he was accustomed to guide most persons, into the direction he wished; using either a silken thread or a leathern thong, coaxing, urging, or restraining, as the case might require. But my wrath burned too hot within me for such arts to avail. In truth, the power of cunning—call it diplomacy, or what other polite name you will—seems to me to be greatly overrated. In general, it weaves only cobweb meshes which are shattered at the first stirring of any strong and genuine feeling. Passion ignores and overrides the "laws of the game," hacks artful knots suddenly in two, and flings a fierce sword into the nicely balanced scale. I think Monsignor Giacomo Chiappaforti scarcely made sufficient account of strong and genuine feeling in his dealings with the world. In the present case, instead of saying to me, "You are very indignant," he said, "You are very cautious, Signorina." And I suppose he really credited me with some deep scheme.

"However," he proceeded, "my duty and my strong feeling of interest in your sister alike command me to try to serve you. If I am misunderstood, patience!"

"Monsignore, it is very easy to be understood, I think. One has only to speak the truth plainly."

"Alas! How often is the truth rejected and misinterpreted! The head alone will not suffice to receive it; it must be accepted by the heart. Intellect, my dear young lady, is no all-sufficient guide of conduct. But as to Lucia—you say the Princess *has* written to her?"

"And you say so too, Monsignore."

"Ahem!—yes; I thought it likely, from what she said to me, that she would write. The Princess was much agitated. I trust she did not write—ahem!—a—a—intemperately?"

"She wrote very intemperately."

"Ah! Dear, dear, dear! I feared so. But you must make allowance for the feelings of a mother. The Princess is a devoted mother—an exemplary mother. When the maternal feelings are aroused, women do not stop to calculate or measure their words. We must have charity for the imperfections of human nature."

"Monsignore, do you bring any message from the Princess Corleoni?"

The thought had suddenly struck me that he had been sent to negotiate a reconciliation with Lucy.

"A message? No; oh no! The Princess was too—too excited, when I saw her last, to think of sending a message to your sister. No; my visit to you is prompted by other motives. Ahem! You must be aware—since you tell me the Princess has written, and written in anger—that what has occurred places Lucia in a very sad and painful position."

"Insult is certainly painful. And Lucy is exceptionally sensitive."

"Ah! yes; but the matter is more serious than that. The Princess Corleoni is a very illustrious and influential lady. Her countenance and friendship can do much in Rome; and—naturally—her disapproval, on the other hand, carries with it a certain sort of social stigma. Now Lucia, I grieve to say it, has incurred her disapproval. I make allowances for your English habits of thought, and so forth; but still, not even in England, I believe, would it be considered venial for a young woman in Lucia's position to encourage the clandestine addresses of her employer's son!—more particularly when that employer was of a rank so immeasurably superior to her own. You follow me?"

"You speak the language of the world, Monsignore; but at least you speak explicitly, and of course I understand you."

"You have nothing to oppose to what I say, Signorina?"

"I do not think I am called on to enter into any defense of my sister to you, Monsignor Chiappaforti."

"You will at all events be called on to undertake her defense to your own friends, to the world you live in, to society! Social laws must be obeyed by those who wish to profit by their protection."

"I renounce with contempt the 'protection' of social laws which bully the weak and cringe to the strong. I despise, from my soul, the attempt to make mere compromises, with the world, the flesh, and the devil binding on my conscience as if they were divine institutions."

My anger had flashed out in spite of me, like a sudden tongue of flame from a smouldering fire. The priest looked at me with a new expression of surprise on his face, mingled with sour aversion.

"These are strong sentiments, Signorina," he said. "I warn you that they are dangerous sentiments. I gave you credit for more sober sense than to be led away by such revolutionary notions. I had hoped that you would not encourage Lucia in conduct which gives such pain to her benefactress, and can only bring misery on herself. *You*, at least, must be convinced that Don Vittorio Corleoni can never marry your sister. It is too absurd an idea to be seriously entertained for a moment. The alternative, if she does not discourage his pursuit, is one which I suppose you are hardly prepared to accept, notwithstanding your disdain for the laws of society!"

At that moment I had a glimpse, not often vouchsafed to the profane vulgar, of the real Giacomo Chiappaforti, instead of the smooth, smiling, soft-voiced prelate, whose *bonhomie* and infantine gayety of manner were so lauded and admired. And let me give Monsignore all the benefit to be obtained from the confession that, to me, the reality was preferable to the sham. The sham had disgusted and wearied me with its perpetual smile, its ready laugh from the teeth outward, its smooth, yet resolute ignoring of rough realities which were hurting other folks. But now at last the real Giacomo Chiappaforti showed that he could be in earnest on occasion. His mouth was drawn into an expression of the bitterest sarcasm, his eyes glittered angrily, his very voice was changed, and had a hard, metallic sound. This man was at least human enough to hate, it seemed.

"Then, Monsignore," I said, disregarding his sneer against myself, "you judge Don Vittorio Corleoni capable of dishonorably pursuing an innocent, motherless girl, a stranger, beneath *his* mother's roof? The Princess judges as you judge, and yet neither of you have anathemas for him! The 'social laws,' which Lucy is to obey on pain of losing their valuable protection, have no protection to give her, nor any terrors for the man who would injure her! The morality which is revolted by Lucy's wickedness in believing a cruel lie, holds a sweetly charitable estimate of the liar."

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed Chiappaforti, shrugging his shoulders, and fixing his mouth into a hard, cynical smile, "tut, tut, tut! This is the kind of high-flown sentimentality which might serve to excuse any offense, or crime, or blunder; and very often does, I believe, among the philanthropic worshippers of revolution and irreligion. As to Lucia, I am willing to give her credit for innocence of intention at the beginning; youthful vanity is a great temptation, and hoodwinks the conscience. But the world will not judge so leniently. The world will say, unless the Princess can be induced to keep this unfortunate matter secret—that a young woman living with the liberty which is permitted to girls of your nation could not possibly be ignorant of the probable result of encouraging Don Vittorio's love-making in such a case. The world will say that Lucia *perhaps* played for the great prize of wife, but failing that, would not disdain to content herself with—"

"Be silent, Sir! This conversation is worse than useless. I have nothing to say to you. I recognize no right on your part to intrude yourself into my private life. A benevolent intention might excuse it; but you are evidently actuated by feelings which are not benevolent."

"Young woman, I am not accustomed to be so addressed."

"Nor I."

"I am fulfilling my duty—"

"If so, your duty and my duty clash. This is my house, Monsignore. I request you, as you are a gentleman, to leave it."

"Before doing so, I wish to speak with your sister."

"I shall oppose your seeing her. She is too much prostrated to be equal to such an interview."

"Do you mean to shut her up? You had better be careful about what you are doing!"

"Oh, Sir, do not condescend to threaten me! I am not to be terrified by stern looks and big words. I am ashamed to continue this scene! Let it end. Since you refuse to go, I will leave you."

No sooner said than done. I passed swiftly out of the room, along the corridor, and up the stairs which led to our bedroom, leaving Monsignore in a position of considerable discomfiture. As I went through the stone corridor, I fancied I saw something flitting on in front of me; and before I reached our bedroom door I overtook Lucy, trembling and panting with the haste she had made.

"Lucy!" I cried, "what does this mean? Where have you been? Why did you leave your bed?"

She drew me into the room and shut the door before she answered, and then sitting down on the side of the bed, she laid her head against my breast, and said, "I fell asleep after you left me, and when I awoke my headache was gone. I felt better, calmer, less fevered and nervous, than I have felt since I read that letter. I wrapped a shawl round me and came down to the sitting-room to tell you this, and to give you one gleam of comfort in the midst of all the trouble I cause you. When I reached the door I heard a voice speaking angrily. I did not recognize it at first, it was so changed. But after a few moments I found it was Monsignor Chiappaforti who was speaking. And then you answered him. And I stood there out of sight, and—and I heard it all, Catherine."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A CONTRIBUTOR to the *Deutsche Fischerei Zeitung*, May 28, 1878, on the subject of the proper preservation of fish, gives his experience in regard to the treatment of the ordinary fresh-water species as follows:

The fish is to be killed by a smart blow on the head as soon as caught, a blunt instrument being used for the purpose; then the vertebral column at or near the end of the tail fin is to be pierced or severed by means of a sharp-pointed knife, and the fish allowed to bleed. The meat becomes snow-white, and is greatly improved in flavor. The gills are then to be detached, and seized so low down that the intestines will come out with them. The fish, however, should not be split. As an additional precaution, the belly should be pressed from the tail toward the head, so as to bring out through the gill opening the remainder of the intestines. The head, and indeed the whole exterior of the body, must be wiped off thoroughly with a dry cloth, and the fish then wrapped in dry paper, laid in a net, and hung up so that while the air has free access to it on all sides, the sun does not shine directly upon it. The principal condition of success is to prevent the contact of water with the fish after it has been killed.

To preserve the fish for a still longer period, after reaching the house it should be hung up with head downward, so as to permit any remaining moisture to run out, and be kept in as cool and dry a place as possible.

For shipment the best packing is clean dry straw. In this case the fish may be opened and wiped dry inside without the use of any water.

Glycerine administered internally undergoes oxidation in the system, the ultimate products of which are carbonic acid and water. Recent experiments with dogs have shown a marked increase in the amount of carbonic acid excreted. Neither formic nor oxalic acid was detected in the blood, showing that the process of combustion was complete. The physiological result is a diminished excretion of urea, a slight but decided rise in the temperature of the body, and a steady increase in weight after a time.

A new candidate for public favor presents itself in the *Western Oologist*, a monthly sheet of four pages, devoted to the study of birds, their nests, and eggs. It is published at Milwaukee, and is the second journal in the United States relating exclusively to this subject, the other being several years old, and printed in Utica, New York.

Some time ago we gave an account of the benefactions of Mr. LEWIS BROOKS, of Rochester, to the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, consisting in great measure of the gift of a fire-proof building filled with a choice collection of objects of natural history, prepared under the direction of Professor HENRY A. WARD. We now learn that the brothers and heirs of Mr. BROOKS have recently engaged the services of Professor WARD in preparing a botanical cabinet for the same University, to cost the sum of $4000. This will complete the series of objects in the Brooks Museum of Natural Science for natural history instruction in the university.

It has been announced that a simple form of string telephone will enable deaf people to hear and to distinguish voices. For this purpose a looped string attached to a flexible membrane, stretched over the end of a cylinder cut from an old tin can, passed around the forehead and over the hands of the listener—the hands being pressed against the ears—will enable the deaf to hear words spoken near the open end of the can. Mr. BROWNING remarks that having tried this experiment, he was only partially successful. Although the sound of the voice was always heard, only certain words were distinguished. By fastening a single string to the telephone, and allowing the deaf person to hold the string between his teeth, he was able to hear every word distinctly, even when spoken in a low tone of voice from across the whole length of the room.

Recent advices from the South Seas announce a remarkable series of volcanic phenomena which bid fair to materially change the relative distribution of land and water in their region. The whole of the northeast coast of New Britain was discovered by the captain of a German steamer to be enveloped in dense smoke, and his progress was impeded by fields of pumice-stone, which covered the surface of the water to the depth of several feet. On reaching the Duke of York group, he found that three craters had broken out in the New Britain peninsula, from which dense masses of pumice-stone were continually being thrown up. The passage between Duke of York Island and Blanche Bay had been completely closed by a compact field of pumice-stone about five feet in thickness. A tidal wave swept over Blanche Bay on February 10, and soon afterward a new island appeared, about three-quarters of a mile in diameter. It is stated that the water in Blanche Bay was scalding hot for two days, and that immense quantities of boiled fish and turtle were thrown on shore, and eagerly devoured by the natives, who were starving, on account of the unusual dryness of the season.

The diseased condition of salmon in some of the Scottish rivers, as shown by the development of a fungus, which appears first in the head, then in the tail, and finally on the fins, and to which references have already been made in our columns, was paralleled in 1877 in the Passaic River of New Jersey, where an unusual mortality of fish took place, accompanied by a similar development of fungus. Professor LEEDS refers this to an abnormal development of low forms of vegetation, favored by the unusually low temperature and the prolonged drought. For maintaining fish in a healthy condition water must be clear and well provided with aquatic plants of the higher orders, and consequently comparatively rich in oxygen. When oxygen is deficient, the higher forms both of vegetable and animal life disappear, and in their place are found others of lower type.

According to VON BIBRA, casks may be freed from their soluble matter by being two-thirds filled with clean, pure water, and adding a pound or two of common soda. When this is dissolved, the cask is to be filled to the bung, and allowed to stand for ten or twelve days. After this it should be repeatedly rinsed with clean water.

The German Society of Railway Companies has lately been discussing the best method of preventing the ravages of moths in the cushions of railway carriages, and has invited responses to a circular asking for information as to successful treatment on the part of its directors. Collating the replies, it is found that the best methods are constant cleaning, airing, and beating (especially in the critical period toward the end of May), the avoidance of any fold in the cloth used, Persian insect powder, beating of the cushions in dry air, use of plush instead of woolen cloth, avoidance of sheep's wool, and the introduction of sea-weed for stuffing instead of horse-hair. The most important of all, however, is the frequent beating and exposing to fresh air.

A new edition of their *Hints to Travellers* has been published by the Royal Geographical Society of London, under the superintendence of Mr. FRANCIS GALTON. Some important additions to the previous issues have been made by Messrs. WILSON, STRACHAN, and COLES.

The Rev. HENRY C. M'COOK, who has been making a specialty of the natural history of spiders and ants, has presented to the Academy of Natural Science a communication in reference to the geographical distribution of the spider known as *Sarotes venatorius*. It is found in its present distribution from Santa Cruz to Cuba and Florida, across Central America, Yucatan, and Mexico, and across the Pacific Ocean by way of the Sandwich Islands, Japan, and the Loochoo Islands. He finally discovers it across the continent of Asia, and in Liberia, Africa. The line thus indicated extends from the extreme eastern limits of North America to the extreme western coast of Africa, thus girdling the globe. In this peculiar distribution he sees the influence of the trade-winds. In his opinion the spider has been carried across this region by means of its floating threads, although he is not yet decided as to the point from which the species originally started.

The sardine fisheries of France, in their increasing magnitude, furnish the chief market for the salted roes of the cod-fish, which are obtained both from the coast of Europe and from North America.

In 1874 over 611,000,000 of sardines were taken, valued at about 11,500,000 francs, and in 1875 over 980,000,000, valued at about 12,250,000 francs.

For the purpose of catching these fish the salted roe of the cod is used, either alone or mixed with some other substances, attracting the fish so that they are easily taken by the nets. Sardine fishing is prosecuted by several nations in Europe, and of these France buys from Norway alone annually 40,000 barrels of roe, at a cost of 2,500,000 francs.

The expense of this bait to the fishermen has induced several experiments in the way of a substitute, and among others quite a satisfactory one has been found in the Algerian locust. As this corresponds very closely to the destructive grasshopper of our Western plains, we have here a suggestion for an economical application of our terrible pest.

Another substitute is a mixture of animal and vegetable substances, which are ground up very fine, and then converted into a granular substance something like roe, which readily resists the action of water. As the cost of this is only from thirty to thirty-five francs per barrel, instead of the sixty francs required for the roe, the reduction is something considerable.

After a trial of a year or two, however, of the artificial bait, the preference, even with its higher cost, has again settled upon the fish roe, and this will probably be in demand for an indefinite period of time, furnishing a market as heretofore to the American product.

THE BATTLE OF BIRCH CREEK.

ON our front page will be found a spirited and interesting picture, engraved from a sketch made on the spot during the fight, of the gallant attack made July 8 by the forces under General HOWARD on a large body of Indians strongly posted on a rocky eminence near the head of Birch Creek, in Eastern Oregon. The Indians having been reported in force by the scouts, General HOWARD advanced against them, his men being divided into two columns, one under Major THROCKMORTON, of the Fourth Artillery, consisting of two companies of artillery, one of infantry, and a few volunteers, and the other under Colonel BERNARD, of the First Cavalry, consisting of seven companies of cavalry and twenty of ROBBINS's scouts, General HOWARD accompanying the latter column. Colonel BERNARD's scouts notified him of the vicinity of the hostiles, when the cavalry moved forward at a trot over three foot-hills, each over a mile in ascent.

One company was left with the pack train, while the others deployed and advanced handsomely under a heavy fire. The ascent is described as steeper than that of Missionary Ridge, but no man broke ranks, though several saddles were emptied and many horses killed. The enemy was driven from his position to another height, in the rear of the greater elevation and crowned with natural defenses of lava rocks. In twenty minutes this position was also stormed from different sides at once, and a rapid pursuit commenced of the flying Indians, who abandoned their horses, provisions, ammunition, and camp material.

The Indians then made for a thick timber crowning Blue Ridge, and made another stand, but were again dislodged and pushed four or five miles further into the mountains. The rough country and the great exhaustion of the men and horses caused a cessation of the pursuit for the day.

In this engagement five enlisted men were wounded and about twenty horses killed. It is impossible to state the loss of the enemy. Their women and children and best horses were moved before the fight began, apparently in the direction of Grande Ronde, and the hostiles fled in that direction. Officers and men behaved in the best possible manner throughout the affair.

In our picture is shown the gallant charge up the steep ascent, which resulted in driving the Indians into the wooded cañon on the right of their rocky fortress. General HOWARD and his staff are on the right, near the foreground, and on the left are the reserves. This defeat of the Indians had a most dispiriting effect on the dusky warriors, and caused them to break up into smaller bands, which at last accounts were making their way southward. General HOWARD, in a dispatch of July 30, says he regards the crisis as passed.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A DRAWING-MASTER in Edinburgh, who had been worrying a pupil with contemptuous remarks about his deficiency of skill in the use of the pencil, ended by saying: "If you were to draw me, for example, tell me what part you would draw first." The pupil, with a significant meaning in his eye, looked up in his master's face and quietly said, "Your neck, Sir."

No one has been able to explain why it is that a man feels he is more likely to get up in time in the morning by keeping his watch or clock half an hour fast.

THE FIRST NIGHT OF A NEW PIECE.

IRISH BOX-KEEPER. "There isn't a seat in the house, Sir; but I can give you a chair."

"And what did you think of Switzerland?" asked a lady of a young American belle who had just made the tour. "Pretty place; but it struck me there were too many lakes and too few young men."

Dr. Holmes says that crying widows marry first. There is nothing like wet weather for transplanting.

The following may be seen on a tombstone in a town near Dublin:

> "Here lies the body of John Mound,
> Lost at sea and never found."

POSSIBLY TRUTHFUL SIGN ON A CHEAP STORE—"Don't go any where else to be robbed; stay right in here."

MEDICAL EXAMINATION.

"What is there besides ether and chloroform to produce unconsciousness?"
VISITING BOY. "A club."

Two Germans met in San Francisco recently. After an affectionate greeting the following dialogue ensued: "Fen you said you hef arrived?" "Yesterday." "You come dot horn around?" "No." "Oh, I see, you come dot isthmus across?" "No." "Oh, den you come dot land over?" "No." "Den you hef not arrived." "Oh yes, I hef arrived. I come dot Mexico through."

Our so-called ancestors, the monkeys, couldn't have been so ignorant, after all. They were all educated in the higher branches.

Here is the worst pun we have seen in six months: In Alabama they chew the tassels of the fir-trees as a substitute for tobacco, which reminds us of the adage, "Be fir-chewers and you'll be happy."

As they passed a gentleman whose optics were terribly on the bias, little Dot murmured: "Ma, he's got one eye that don't go."

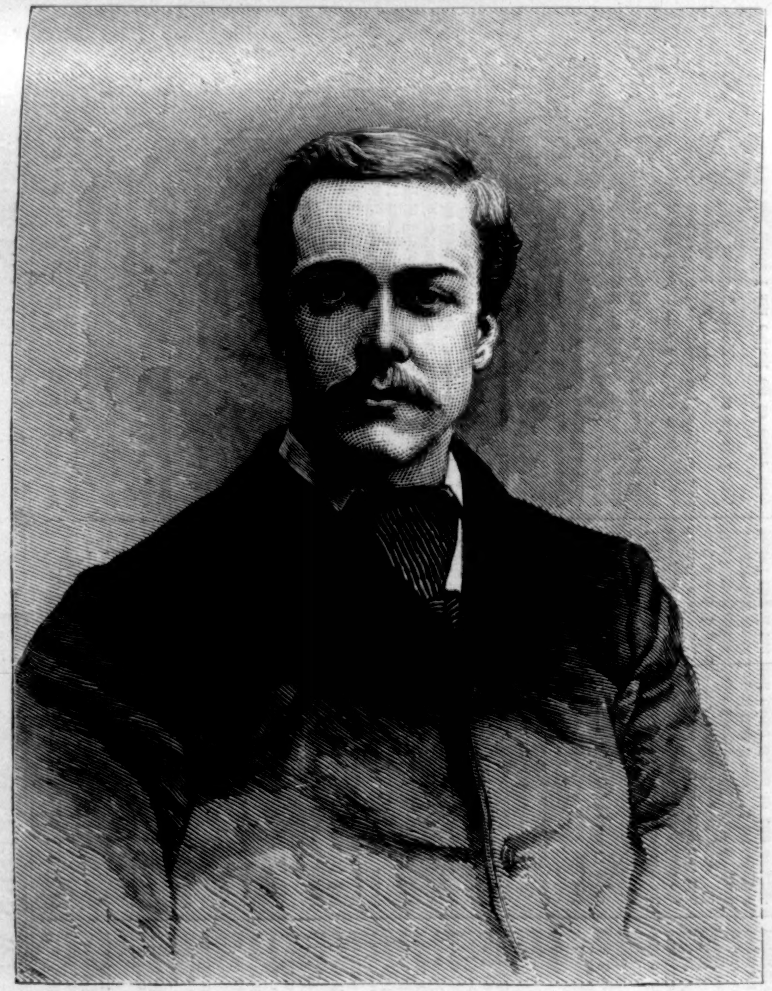
Every body likes a hot steak, but when it comes up covered with cinders, you can justly complain of it as *coaled* meat.

When a man is making love to a widow, he always feels as if he had to begin where the other fellow left off.

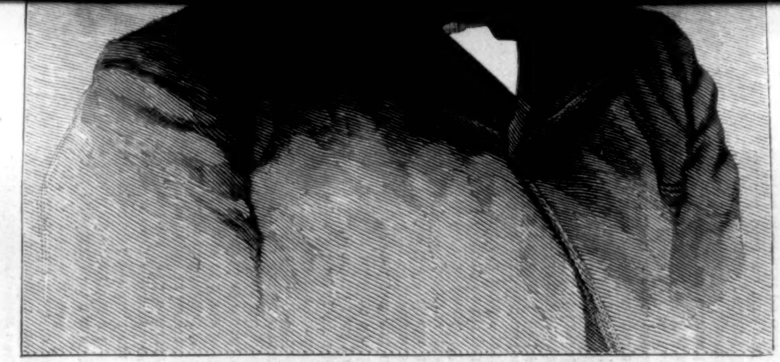
What was the most honest bet that was ever made? —The alpha-bet. Its maker was evidently a man of letters too.

When a loafer enters the sanctum of a busy editor, and the editor says, "Glad to see you're back," what does he mean?

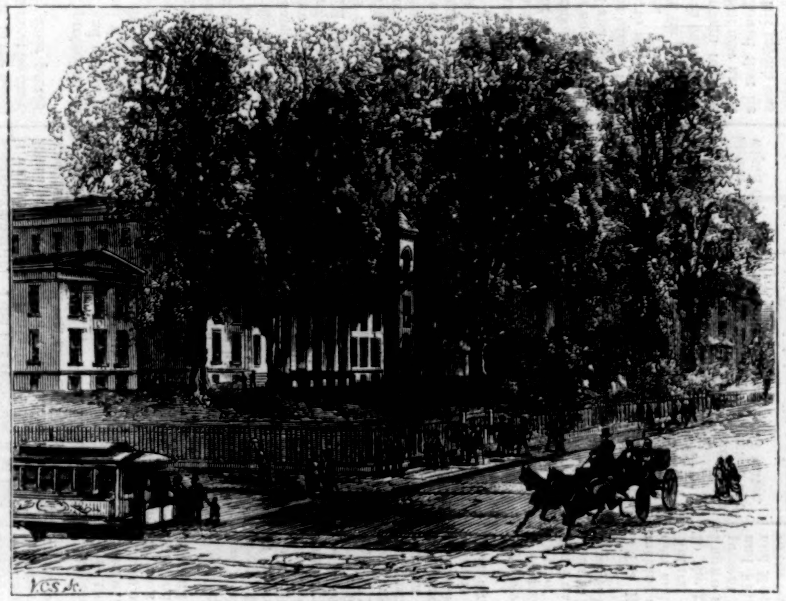
A widower had five grown daughters who wouldn't let him take a second wife. He gave up the wife, but bought a savage dog, and now won't allow a man to cross his door-sill. If he can't marry, the girls sha'n't, he says. But the girls will give in by-and-by. They can't stand that sort of thing forever.



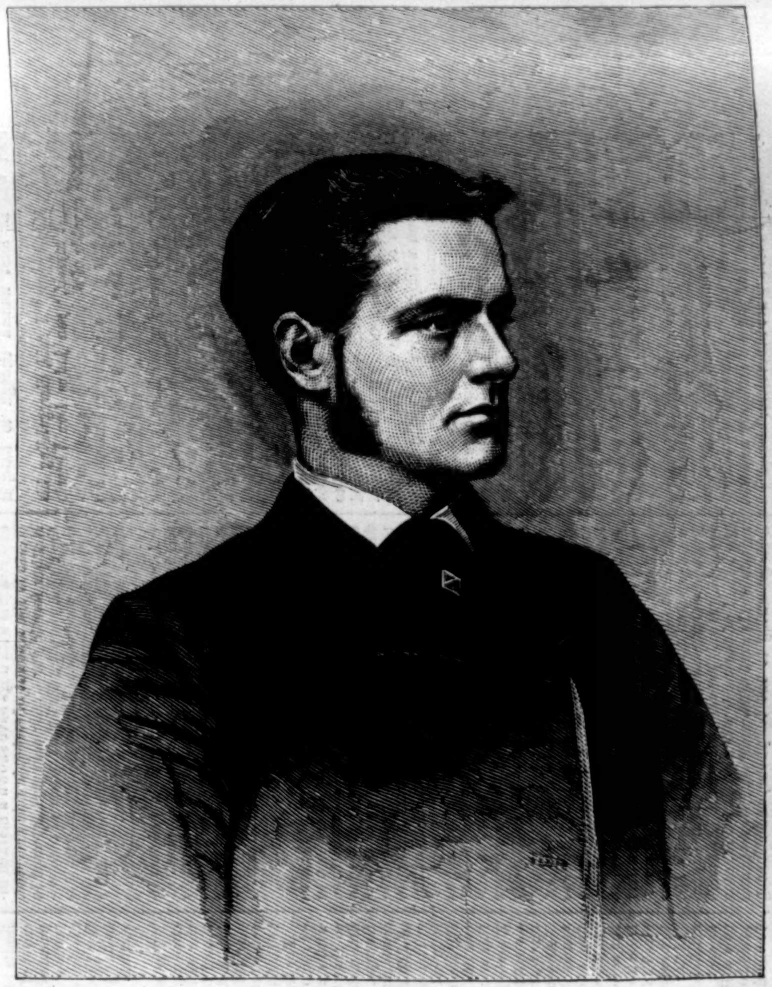
C. EDSON.—(No. 2.)



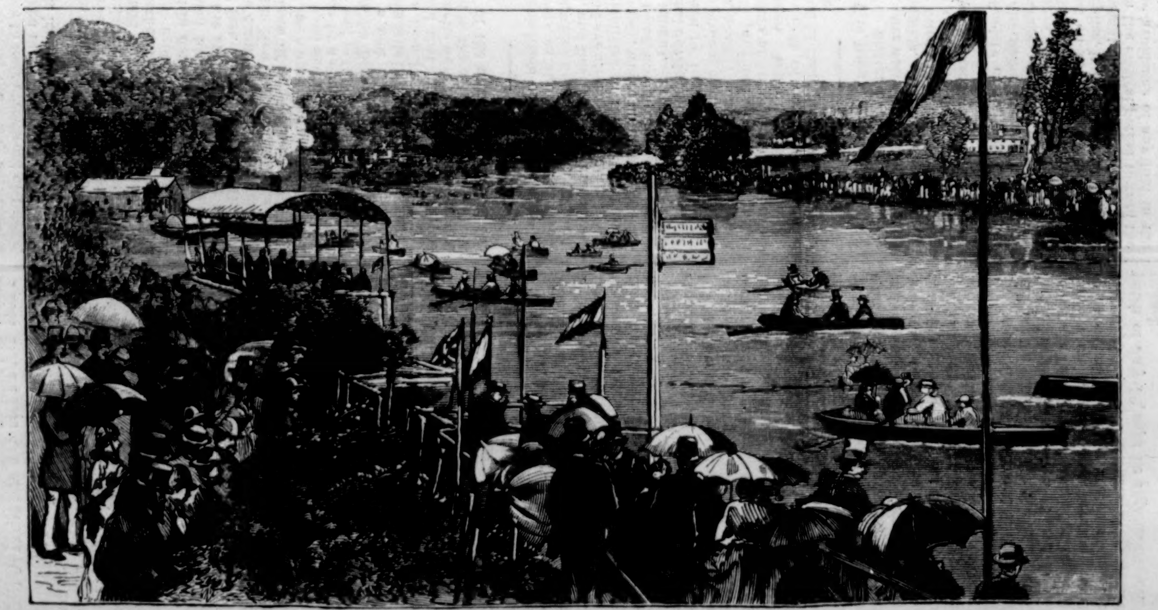
JASPER T. GOODWIN.—(Captain and Stroke.)



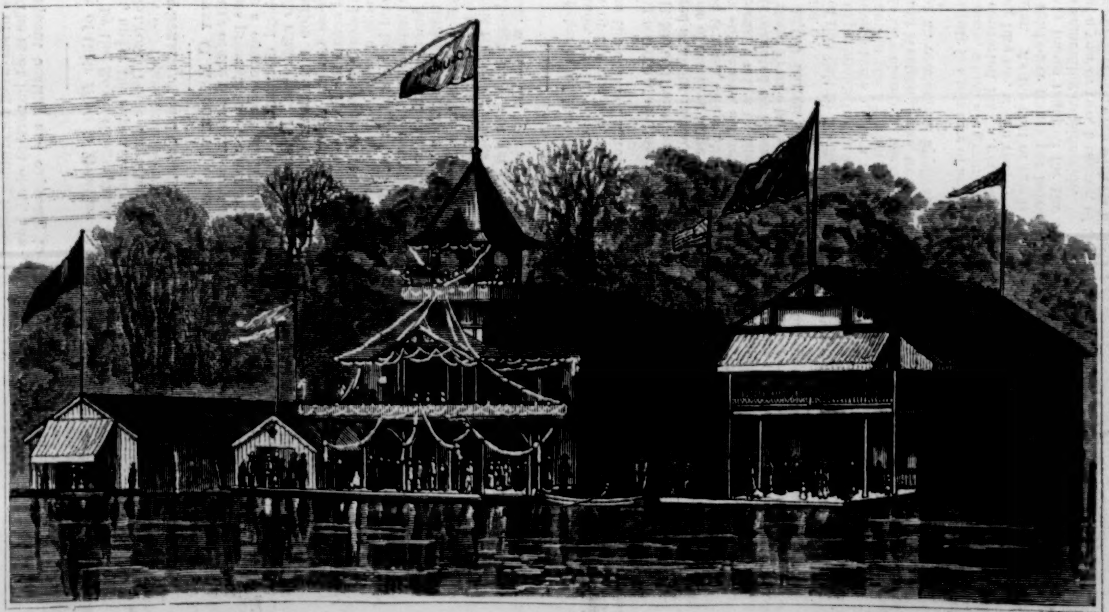
COLUMBIA COLLEGE, 1878.



CHARLES ELDRIDGE.—(Substitute.)



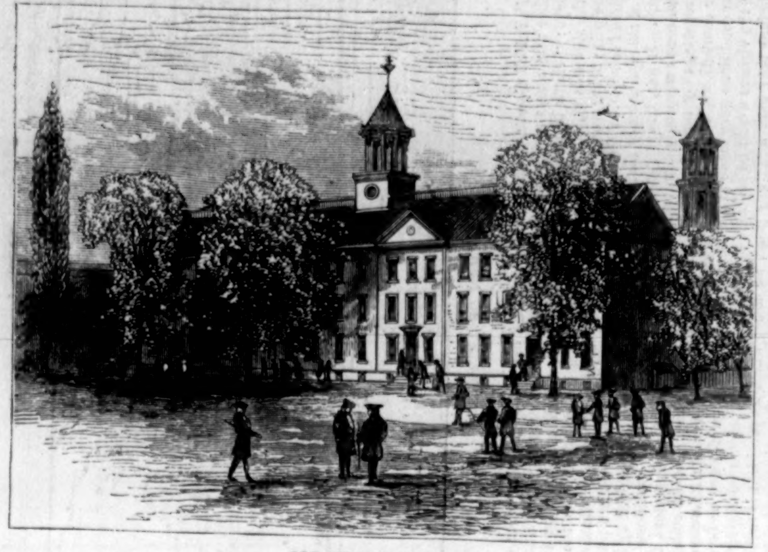
THE HENLEY COURSE ON THE THAMES.



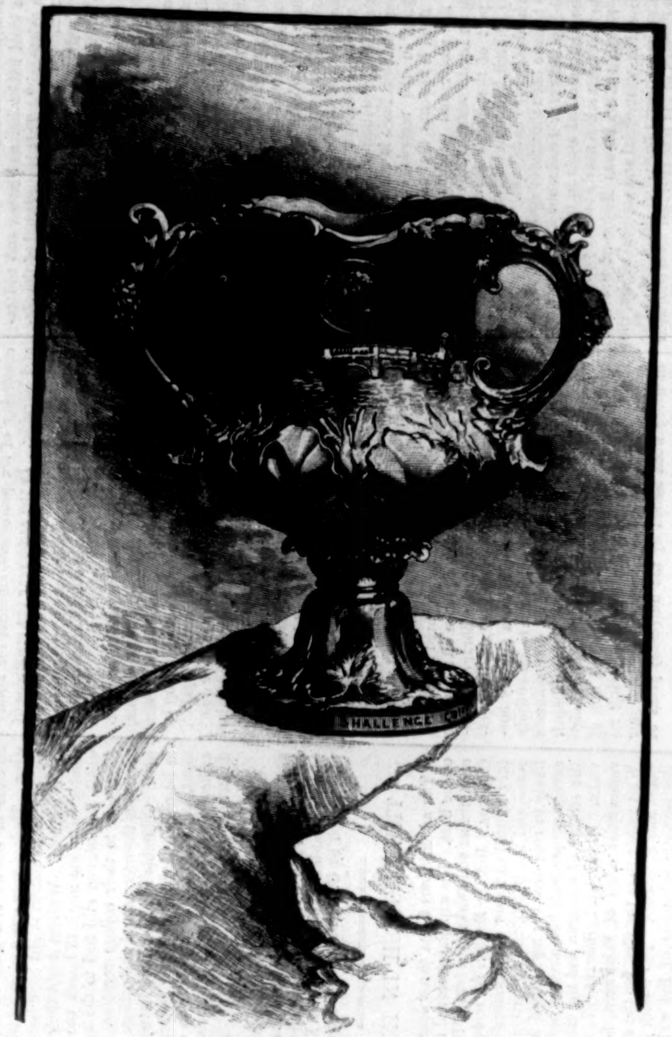
COLUMBIA COLLEGE BOAT-HOUSE ON THE HARLEM RIVER.

C—O—L—U—M—B—I—A!

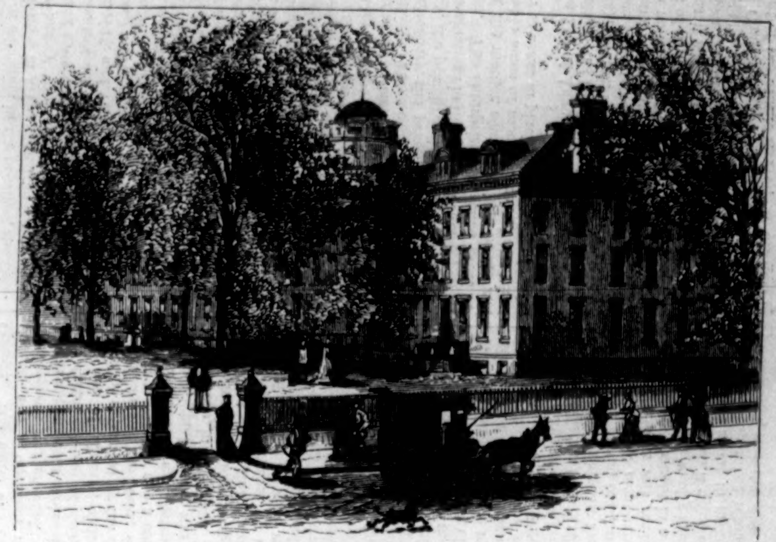
[See Page 654.]



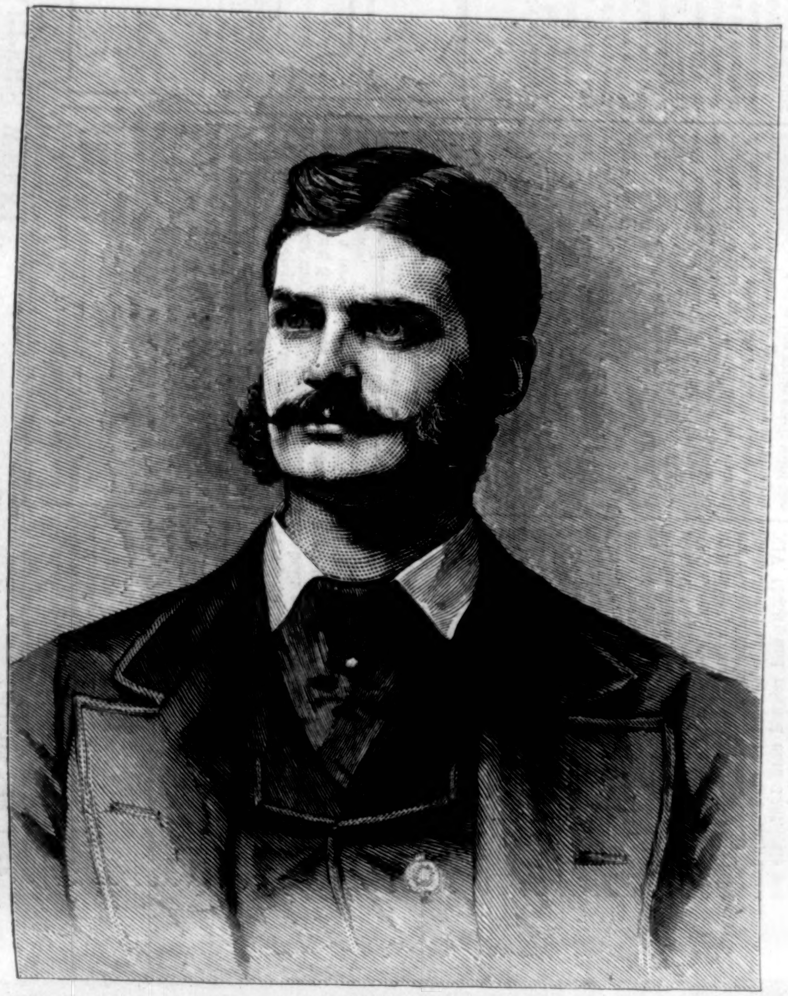
OLD KING'S COLLEGE.



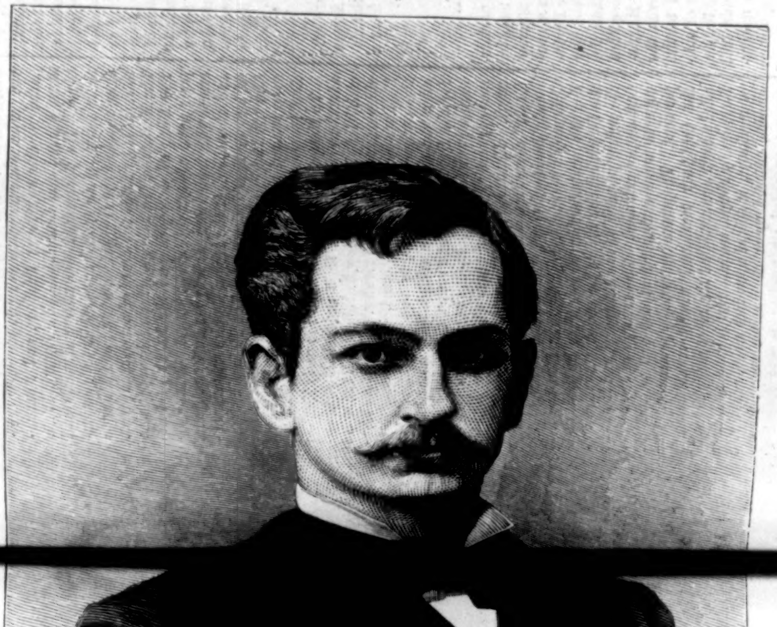
THE HENLEY VISITORS' CHALLENGE CUP.

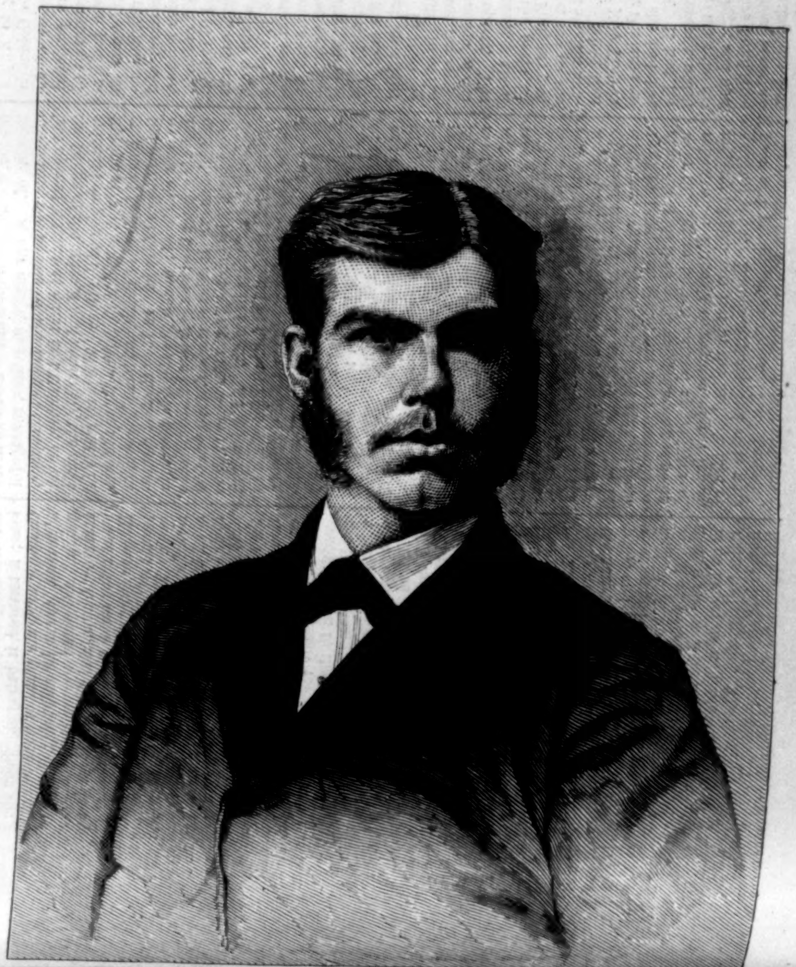


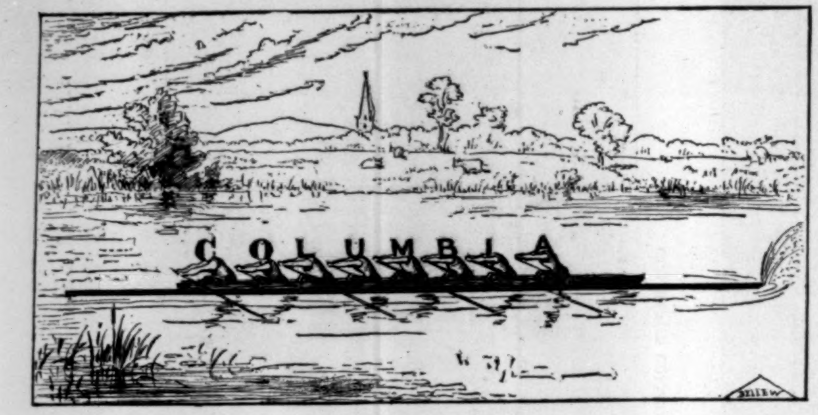
COLUMBIA COLLEGE, 1840.



E. E. SAGE.—(Bow.)







"MEN OF LETTERS."

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, London, in the course of a rather ungracious review of the Henley Regatta, says: "There had been some discussion among the stewards whether, in the event of any challenge prize being won by Americans, *some security should be required for its safe return to this country at the expiration of the twelve months from the regatta.* It was, however, decided that if the American crews were only admitted as amateurs to the regatta, they must be treated the same as other competitors, and no distinctions made. Since no conditions were made at the time of entry that the visitors would be required to find security before they took away any prize, we are inclined to think the stewards were right in so deciding for the current year. At the same time, it can not be denied that there is a disposition on the part of rowing men to demand some such regulation next year. A college like Columbia should surely safely be intrusted with a challenge cup; it has a local habitation and name, and will remain in existence." This is very kind of the *Gazette.* Although a mere infant in age compared with the university Methuselahs of England, Columbia College has a history dating back into

> "The good old colony times,
> When we lived under the king,"

and long since attained a position in the world of classical scholarship second to that of no other institution of learning in Europe or America.

Apropos of the return of the Columbia crew from their splendid victory at Henley, we give in our opening pages a picture of the Henley Prize Cup, the portraits of the crew, views of the Henley course and of the Columbia Boat-house on the Harlem River, and several sketches illustrating the history of the college, a brief outline of which will be of interest.

The earliest intimation of a design to establish a college in New York is contained, says Mr. C. C. Moore, in the records of Trinity Church. From them it appears that as early as the year 1703 the rector and wardens were directed to wait upon Lord Cornbury, the Governor, to know what part of the *King's Farme*, then vested in Trinity Church, had been intended for the college which he designed to have built. Some such plan seems to have been thought of again in 1729, during Bishop Berkeley's residence in this country. But the first practical steps in this direction appear to have been taken nearly twenty years later, when Stephen Bayard was Mayor of the city. Engrossed in commercial and political affairs, the colonists had hitherto neglected education. The few collegians in the province had been educated in England or at the Eastern colleges, while most of the youth went directly from the grammar school to the counting-room. There were only two collegians on the bench or at the bar, and there were but few to be found elsewhere. Awakened at length to the necessity of providing better means of education in the province, the Colonial Legislature, in 1746, passed an act to raise £2250 by lottery "for the encouragement of learning, and toward the founding of a college." By a subsequent act this sum was increased, in 1751, to £3443, and vested in ten trustees, one of whom was a Presbyterian, two were of the Reformed Dutch communion, and seven were Episcopalians, several of the latter being also vestrymen of Trinity Church. In 1753 the Rev. Dr. Samuel Johnson, of Stratford, Connecticut, was invited by the trustees to become the president of the proposed institution, and in July of the following year the college opened with a class of eight, under Dr. Johnson's own instruction, in a vestry-room belonging to Trinity Church. The royal charter constituting King's College was granted in October of the same year, but its complete organization was not effected till May 7, 1755, when the charter was presented by Lieutenant-Governor Delancey to the persons named in it as governors of the college. These consisted of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the principal civil officers of the colony, the principal clergy of the five religious denominations in the city, and twenty private gentlemen. The enterprise awakened great interest in the mother country, where books and considerable sums of money were collected and sent over to assist in placing it on a firm foundation.

On the 23d of August, 1756, the corner-stone of the college was laid on the block now bounded by Murray, Church, and Barclay streets and College Place, and intersected by Park Place. There were then no obstructing buildings between its site and the noble river that laved the green shores in front of it. An English traveller of that time describes it as facing the Hudson, and as being "the most beautifully situated of any college in the world." This tract of land was the gift of Trinity Church, the conditions being that the president of the college forever, for the time being, should be a member of and in communion with the Church of England, as by law established, and that the morning and evening service in the college should be the liturgy of the said Church, or such a collection out of that liturgy, together with a collect peculiar for the college, as should be approved by its president and governors. These conditions being inserted in the charter afforded pretext for bitter opposition; but the history of the college has proved how unfounded was the inference from them that the slightest preference or favor would be displayed toward students belonging to the communion of which its president is required to be.

The first Commencement of the college was held June 21, 1758. In the spring of 1760 the students began to lodge and mess in the college building. Up to 1767 the instruction was conducted by the president and three professors, but in that year a faculty of medicine was created, consisting of six professors, eminent for ability and learning. In the same year the resources of the college were increased by a grant of 24,000 acres of land, subsequently lost in consequence of being in that part of the colony afterward allotted to Vermont.

In 1763 Dr. Johnson was succeeded as president of the college by the Rev. Myles Cooper, fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, who had been sent out for this purpose by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Dr. Cooper was an ardent loyalist, and took sides against the colonists in their quarrels with the crown. He had a bitter pamphlet controversy with his pupil Alexander Hamilton, and his political views and conduct at length became so obnoxious to the citizens that his life was in jeopardy. On the night of May 10, 1775, the college was attacked by an infuriated mob, and the loyalist president was obliged to seek safety in flight. The Rev. Benjamin Moore, afterward bishop of the diocese, was made president *pro tem.*, and the affairs of the college went on smoothly until 1776, when the Committee of Safety ordered the building to be prepared for the reception of troops. In consequence of this order the students were dispersed, the library and apparatus deposited in the City Hall, and the college building was converted into a military hospital. The library was supposed to be entirely lost; but thirty years afterward 600 volumes were discovered in a room in St. Paul's Chapel, no one but the sexton having had any knowledge of their whereabouts. The library was one of the most important in the colonies, having received, with many other valuable presents, a copy of every work issued by the university press of Oxford.

The affairs of the college continued in an unsettled condition till 1784, when regents of a State university were appointed, of which Governor Clinton was chancellor. They demanded and received the property belonging to King's College. The name was changed to Columbia College, and a thorough reorganization of its management was effected. The plan proposed by the regents contemplated the appointment of four faculties—one of arts, with seven professors; one of divinity, with such professors as might be appointed by the different religious denominations in the State; one of medicine; and one of law. This was a comprehensive scheme, but its execution was obstructed by lack of funds.

The original charter was confirmed to Columbia College in 1787, and its management was vested in twenty-four trustees. Its affairs were conducted under this charter till 1810, when a new one was granted, by which certain restrictions in the former were removed and some defects which experience had discovered were supplied. Under its new charter the college pursued a career of constantly increasing prosperity. Its several faculties comprised some of the most distinguished scholars of America, and its affairs were managed with judicious care. In 1850 the rapid growth of the city, and the falling in of the lease of the Botanic Garden, directed the attention of the trustees to the consideration of the disposition of that part of their property. The Botanic Garden was a tract containing about 260 lots of ground, bounded on the north by Fifty-first Street, on the south by Forty-seventh Street, on the east by Fifth Avenue, and on the west by a line nearly parallel to and about a hundred feet distant from Sixth Avenue. It had been given to the college by the State of New York in 1814, as a partial compensation for the large estate, previously mentioned, which she had lost when Vermont was made a State. It had for many years brought in a trifling revenue, which had long been wholly inadequate to meet the expenses in which it involved the college; and now it seemed about to make still more formidable demands upon her resources to meet taxes, assessments, and the cost of regulating the lots. The property was finally leased, and so judiciously that it has since become one of the best parts of the city.

The requirements of commerce at length rendered necessary the removal of the college from its old site. In 1857 it migrated to the block it now occupies, bounded by Forty-ninth and Fiftieth streets, and Fourth and Madison avenues. The old college buildings have long since ceased to exist, and the once beautiful College Green is transformed into streets lined with costly warehouses.

In order to keep pace with the rapidly increasing demands for the accommodation of professors and students, the trustees of the college are now erecting a new and spacious building on Madison Avenue. The liberality of its management, the eminence of its professors in their several departments, the thoroughness and excellence of the training imparted to young men, attract students from every part of America. The learned professions receive many of their most distinguished ornaments from its halls. From its School of Mines, unsurpassed by any other institution of the kind in the world, hundreds of young men go forth to assist in developing the material resources of the country. Wherever her children go, they spread the lustre of her name, and none so unworthy among them as wittingly to bring discredit upon the fair fame of *Alma Mater.*

The young gentlemen who so gallantly carried the colors of Columbia to the front at Henley well deserve the hearty welcome prepared for them on their return. They went abroad without boasting of their prowess at the oar, carried themselves while there with the modesty and self-respect that mark the gentleman in all ages and nationalities, and in the same spirit wore the well-earned laurels of victory. Those who knew them expected nothing less; but some of our English friends, who still take their ideas of Americans from the caricatures of Trollope, Hall, and Dickens, appear to be surprised at the absence of bluster and brag in the Columbia crew. Their victory was a splendid triumph, and a good deal of elation might have been pardoned in the winners. Without doubt their conduct at Henley has done much to lessen the reluctance which Englishmen still feel to the admission of foreigners to their college regattas. It reflects credit on themselves and the college they represent. Columbia and New York have good reason to be proud of them and their splendid achievement, and will bid them welcome on their return as heartily as they wished them success on their departure.

Our portraits of the Columbia crew are engraved from admirable photographs by Alman & Co., 172 Fifth Avenue; the picture of the Columbia Boat-house, on the Harlem River, from a photograph by G. W. Pach, 841 Broadway.

THE ENGLISH IN INDIA.

The adventurous Gama threw open the portals of the East. His exploits deserved to be sung in epic strains and awaken the lyre of the ill-starred Camoens. But the English for more than a century refused to follow the footsteps of the Portuguese and the Dutch, and no nation seemed less likely to rule over the myriads of Asia than the savage people that had already nearly forgotten the strains of Chaucer and the tales of Mandeville. Henry VIII., Edward VI., and even the commercial reign of Elizabeth, looked to the West rather than the East for the scenes of conquest and adventure. The wealth of the Indies, the barbaric splendors of Ind and Ormus, still haunted the fancies of the Elizabethan navigators, but were eclipsed by the superior opulence of Mexico and Peru. When Raleigh sent out his colony to Virginia, or Winthrop landed at Boston, the English empire in the East was never thought of. A few active, merciless, revengeful merchants, the agents of the London Company, had opened a trade at Surat and Cambay, or on the fringe of the great Mogul monarchy, the most splendid empire of the time. The petty states of Europe acknowledged their inferiority to the sovereigns of Delhi or of Pekin, and humbly besought the privileges of trade. In 1600 the first company was chartered; to-day the English power in India is greater than was ever that of Aurungzebe or Shah Jehan. It rules successfully 240,000,000 of subjects. Its territory, from Peshawur to Cape Comorin, is 1900 miles in length. All the wealth of Ormus and the Ind has fallen to the share of the conquerors of Plassy—the mines of Golconda, the palaces of Delhi, and a weighty responsibility of government and protection that is already felt with sinister results in English politics.

At first in 1600 the English traders approached the court of Akbar, when the Mogul Empire was in its splendid dawn. It was the centre of Oriental intelligence, genius, toleration, rigid honesty. Poets sung and historians studied at the imperial palace not unworthy of the age of Shakspeare and Raleigh, their contemporaries; the manners of the Indian court were gentler and purer than those of the English princes; the power of Akbar was tenfold that of Elizabeth; one thing only was wanting. The Oriental despotism admitted no hope of progress; the English was already menaced by the Puritan and the Republican. The great Mogul power still ascended, while that of England seemed dissipated in civil wars. Shah Jehan, who ruled at Delhi from 1628 to 1658, was, again, the most magnificent monarch of his time, when magnificence and pomp were thought to be the natural appendages of rulers, when Milton's conception of the innate majesty of man was lost in the barbaric idea of external show. European pomp and state were poor and parsimonious compared to the gems, the plumes, the flowered stuffs of gold and silver, the elephants, the armor, and the countless legions of dusky soldiers who followed the court of the Emperor of Delhi. Buildings graceful with the light and varied architecture of the East, rich with marbles wrought into fantastic elegance, costly beyond conception, great and valuable works of internal improvement, tanks, reservoirs, canals, roads, khans, cities, villages, schools, colleges—a rare union of savage despotism with a real desire to benefit his race—marked the happy reign of Shah Jehan; cruel with the fierce severity of the East to those who opposed him, he yet spoke of humanity, justice, benevolence. He built new Delhi beside the old, on the level shore of the Jumna. It was splendid with that strange contrast of wealth and poverty that marks the Oriental cities. Bernier contrasts it in its prime with the Paris of Colbert. "You must know," he wrote to a friend in 1663, "in these hot countries a fine house must have a site well aired, open to the wind, chiefly the north, surrounded by courts, gardens, trees, conservatories, little jets of water, and with good cellars for the mid-day rest." It must be furnished with fine linen, silk, cloth of gold, embroidery. He describes the endless palaces, mosques, arched streets, of Delhi, and at last sees Aurungzebe seated on his throne. "His vest was of flowered white satin, raised with a fine embroidery of gold and silk; his turban was of cloth of gold" covered with diamonds; he wore a great collar of pearls. His throne was supported by six pillars of gold, and so covered with gems as to resemble a heap of diamonds and precious stones. Around him, in the great hall, were gathered thousands of his chief nobility, gleaming with barbaric ornaments. In Europe the fancy of the poet alone could paint the reality of the East. Aurungzebe, the son of Shah Jehan, came to the throne later than Louis XIV. (1658), and reigned until 1707. He was magnificent in peace, successful in war, cruel, vain, dissolute. He was not unlike his French contemporary. But his power was always unstable. The Mohammedans in India were few compared to the swarming Hindoos, and Aurungzebe, wicked and brutal, was, like Louis XIV., a bigot. He persecuted the native Hindoos and their faith; their sacred cows, their hideous images, shocked the savage iconoclast; and he strove to repress by force the creed of a thousand years. The Mohammedan rule grew intensely unpopular. The King of Golconda and the Rajah of Visapour were always rebellious. Aurungzebe governed with increasing severity his dusky subjects, and when he died the Mogul Empire was shattered into endless fragments. The Mohammedans, like the English, ruled by force a subject race; they wanted that capacity to govern which still distinguishes a German people.

To the great Mogul emperors the early English adventurers had come in a guise half commercial, half piratical. They had shown all the worst elements of commercial rivalry. They were servile, humble, treacherous, cruel. Their cruelty to the natives they ruled, to the "interlopers," as all other traders were called, their bitter hatred for the Dutch and the French, disgraced human nature; their vices, their avarice and envious malice, were objects of scorn even at the Mogul's court. Hamilton, who was himself an "interloper," describes, with some exaggeration, yet a strong basis of truth, the wicked deeds of the Company's servants. Sir Thomas Roe, the first English ambassador, avows that he had done the Dutch all the injury he could. Avarice was the ruling passion of the Company, and it was at first amply gratified. The returns of the earlier voyages were estimated at one or two hundred per cent. They were enormously profitable. Had the Company remained wholly commercial, it might have accumulated the most magnificent of fortunes by simple trade. But it grew ambitious of territory; it seized upon rich cities, raised vast armies, entered upon destructive wars; its expenses exceeded its profits; it was forced to plunder the miserable natives and exercise all the arts of tyranny. It robbed, it starved millions; it tortured, it betrayed. Soon the English Company took the place of Shah Jehan and Aurungzebe. Clive, its unsparing, almost unrivalled general, conquered the natives, the French Dupleix or Lally, and from a clerk in a government office came to be the real master of India. He gave away thrones and principalities; his desperate resolution saved often the tottering Company. The traders of Leadenhall Street were transformed into the rulers of empires, and their chief income came from the excessive tribute of their subject princes.

Warren Hastings finished the work begun by the relentless Clive. His aim was the subjugation of India. The Company was deeply in debt, engaged in endless war; the stockholders clamored remorselessly for dividends, and Hastings gratified them to the full. But he did it by such deeds as humanity shudders to remember. As a conqueror he was not more unscrupulous than other conquerors. He was not as savage, not as brutal, as Aurungzebe or Suraja Dowla. But even the pointed periods of Macaulay, his life-like pictures, the cultivated letters of Johnson, or the sonnets of Cowper, fail to soften the harsher traits of Hastings's rule. The transformation of an association of traders into the despotic governors of a mighty empire had proved more fatal to India than the wars of Akbar or the conquests of Nadir Shah. The tanks were broken, the khans in ruins, famine fell upon millions, cultivation decayed, while Hastings plundered the native princes to swell the profits of the Company, and the native rulers, to satisfy their avarice, sacked the cottages of the poor. It was against this system that Burke and Sheridan aimed all their matchless indignation.

The system is still in principle unchanged. It is no longer on its trade with India that England relies for its profits. The Company has been transformed into an official council. The British Queen has become the Empress of India. Yet the trade between England and its Eastern province is worth annually only $500,000,000—of far less value than that between England and the United States. The fabled wealth of the East is found to be an idle tale. But the cost of the government of India is excessive; its debt is large, and seems steadily increasing; famines, war, internal improvements, weigh heavily on its resources; its annual expenditure is $250,000,000; a large part of its income depends upon the opium monopoly; the native states have a military force of 300,000 men, that can not always be trusted; the native population is always discontented; the Sepoy is treacherous; incessant vigilance and endless expense can alone preserve the British authority in the East; and when, in accordance with its recent agreement, England has garrisoned Cyprus and assumed the protection of the Turkish frontier in Asia, it is easy to see that the cost of preserving India will be indefinitely increased, and that even the rising taxation of the British Premier may fall below the requirements of a year of extravagance. Hastings provided for the safety of India by plundering its people: it seems doubtful if that system can be any longer maintained, and the empire of the East promises to be an unproductive, a dangerous possession to the British crown.

Eugene Lawrence.

A CONGRATULATORY ODE.

A correspondent informs us that the version given in the *Standard* of the congratulatory Latin ode ("Gaudeamus igitur," etc.) addressed to the Congress by "the well-known German poet Gustave Schwetschke," and "distributed by Prince Bismarck's request among the plenipotentiaries," is incorrect. The true version, we are assured, is as follows:

"Rideamus igitur,
Socii Congressus;
Post dolores bellicosos,
Post labores bumptiosos,
Fit mirandus messus.

"Ubi sunt qui apud nos
Causas litigâre—
Moldo-Wallachæ frementes,
Græculi esurientes?
Heu! absquatulâre.

"Ubi sunt provinciæ
Quas est laus pacâsse?
Totæ, totæ sunt partitæ:
Has tulerunt Muscovitæ;
Ilias Count Andrassy.

"Et quid est quod Angliæ
Dedit hic Congressus?
Jus pro aliis pugnandi,
Mortuum vivificandi—
Splendidi successus!

"Vult Joannes decipi
Et bamboosulatur.
Io Beacche! Quæ majestas!
Ostreæ reportans testas
Domum gloriatur!"

This version, which from internal evidence will be seen to be the true one, may be roughly Englished thus:

"Let us have our hearty laugh,
Greatest of Congresses!
After days and weeks pugnacious,
After labors ostentatious,
See how big the mess is!

"Where are those who at our bar
Their demands have stated—
Robbed Roumanians rampaging,
Greeklings with earth-hunger raging?
Where? Absquatulated!

"Where the lands we've pacified,
With their rebel masses?
All are gone; yes, all up-gobbled:
These the Muscovite has nobbled;
Those are Count Andrassy's.

"And what does England carry off
To add to her possessions?
The right to wage another's strife,
The right to raise the dead to life—
Glorious concessions!

"Well, let John Bull bamboozled be
If he's so fond of sells!
Io Beacche! Hark the cheering!
See him home in triumph bearing
Both the oyster-shells!"

—*Pall Mall Gazette* (London).

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

AUGUST.

Sunday, 18.—Ninth Sunday after Trinity.
Saturday, 24.—St. Bartholomew.
Sunday, 25.—Tenth Sunday after Trinity.

Whatever may be the political results of the Berlin and Anglo-Turkish treaties, it becomes clearer, the more they are examined, that the principle of religious toleration has won an unprecedented triumph. The first article of the Treaty of Constantinople (signed June 4) contains these words: "In return, his Imperial Majesty the Sultan promises to England to introduce necessary reforms—to be agreed upon later between the two powers—into the government, and for the protection of the Christian and other subjects of the Porte in these territories; and, in order to enable England to make necessary provision for executing her engagement, his Imperial Majesty the Sultan further consents to assign the island of Cyprus to be occupied and administered by England." In the Treaty of Berlin, Article V. declares that "distinction of religious belief or confession shall not operate against any one as a reason of exclusion or incapacity in what concerns enjoyment of political rights, admission to public employment, functions, or honors, or the exercise of the different professions and industries. Liberty of profession of all creeds shall be assured to all the returned population of Bulgaria, as well as to strangers." The same provision is made in express terms for Eastern Roumelia, Montenegro, Servia, and Roumania. Article 57 of this treaty recognizes the fact that the Sultan has promised to maintain religious liberty throughout his dominions, and is advisory only, but the advice is in the right direction. "In every part of the empire," says this important article, "difference of religion should not be the motive of unfitness in any thing relating to civil and political rights, admission to public offices, duties, and honors, and all the professions and industries. Every one should be admitted without distinction of religion to give evidence before the tribunals. The practice of all religions should be entirely free. No impediment should be offered to the hierarchical organizations of different communions, or to their spiritual chiefs."

It is well to record in this column thus much of the text of these important agreements. They will have a great influence upon the future of the East. The Turkish Sultan is the spiritual chief of Mohammedanism; the concession of religious liberty through all his dominions is wholly contrary to the spirit of the faith which he represents, and is another step toward the control of the East by Christian powers.

The Protestant Episcopal Church Congress will be held in Cincinnati from October 15 to 18. The introductory address will be delivered by the Rev. Dr. T. U. Dudley, Assistant-Bishop of Kentucky. The topics for discussion are: "The Interpretation of the Bible in Relation to the present Condition of Learning and Science;" "The Novel in its Influence upon Modern Life;" "The New Testament Doctrine of Absolution;" "The Sunday Question;" "Mutual Relations of Labor and Capital;" "Christ in the Personal Life." Among the essayists and speakers are the Rev. Drs. Harwood, A. H. Vinton, Osgood, Potter, De Koven, Goodwin, and Washburn. The sessions will be held in Pike's Opera-house. The English Church Congress meets this year in Sheffield; the preparations for it are said to be nearly complete.

The Sunday-School Institute, which began at Round Lake July 16, came to a close July 26, after a prosperous session. The Troy *Press* says of it that nothing could exceed "the richness and variety of the programme furnished." Whatever could illustrate the art of teaching and the subject-matter of Sunday-school instruction was presented to the people assembled by men who stand in the front rank as Biblical scholars. Normal classes were carried through successive stages of drill. It is the purpose of the managers to hold another meeting next year. At Lake Bluff, near Chicago, and Loveland, Ohio, large crowds attended similar expositions of the literary, antiquarian, and doctrinal contents of the Bible. During this month of August the Chautauqua Assembly (3–23), and the Sunday-School Parliament at Thousand Isles (13–22), and the Assembly at Clear Lake, Iowa (14–26), will be held. These meetings are for study, and it may be presumed that during their progress much earnest study will be done. That they should, nevertheless, attract thousands of persons is evidence that their managers know how to make study attractive.

Mr. Moody will spend the coming autumn and winter in Baltimore, and will preach under arrangements with the Young Men's Christian Association of that city. According to the New York *Evangelist*, he will not hold nightly services, but will give much of his attention to the education of his children.

The Rev. Arthur Tooth has been in New York, has been interviewed, and has sailed for home, all in the space of a few days. When last heard from in the Old World he was at Singapore, where report states his sermon excited a great commotion. He has since visited China, and when he reaches London will have completed a tour of the world. As to himself personally, Mr. Tooth in the main repeated what has already been said of him in the public papers. In relation to the aims of the Catholic party in the Church of England his statements were frank and important. "Its advances," he said, "during the past few years nave been wonderful. The next great move it must make will be for disestablishment. Disestablishment may not come soon; it may come in ten years; but sooner or later it will take place."

On the 23d of June Father Hyacinthe concluded his series of Paris Exposition lectures. He still holds to Catholicism, but advocates its reformation through the abolition of the papal supremacy, election of priests by the people, worship in the vernacular language of each nation, and liberty of priestly marriage. His hearers were almost wholly Protestants.

The "Spanish Christian Church" held its first Assembly in Madrid near the close of April last. This is the name taken by the Protestant congregations of the Spanish peninsula. The organization is Presbyterian; two Presbyteries, Madrid and Andalusia, are already formed. The ministers of this Church are nearly all natives of Spain. The next Assembly will meet in Madrid May, 1880.

Here is one way of obtaining the cure of souls. An auction firm recently offered the advowson and perpetual right of presentation to a living near Canterbury at public sale. The good points of the property were described in fluent business style: "The situation healthy and picturesque; good society; the church an interesting edifice, with ancient monuments; the population of the parish only 278, so that the rector can say of himself, 'The lines have fallen to me in pleasant places;' the income £490 annually—a fine investment for a gentleman with a family of sons." Surprising to tell, there was no bid, and the property was withdrawn.

Dr. Edwin F. Hatfield, one of the most exact of our ecclesiastical annalists, and the Stated Clerk of the Presbyterian Assembly, has published the statistics of that Church for 1878. The Synods are 37; Presbyteries, 178; ministers, 4907; churches, 5269; communicants, 567,855; Sunday-school members, 599,882; contributions, $8,281,956. The contributions have fallen off steadily since the panic, until they are now nearly $2,000,000 less than in 1872. The increase of communicants since 1874 has been 72,221.

It having been rumored that Dr. Döllinger, in consequence of his dissatisfaction with the recent decision of the Old Catholic Synod in relation to celibacy, would return to the Roman Catholic communion, he has denied the rumor with no little asperity in a letter dated June 25: "It is about the fourteenth time," he says, "that ultramontane papers have announced my submission, and they will go on repeating it more frequently. But I will not dishonor my old age by a lie before God and man—of that you may be certain."

The fifty-third annual session of the New York State Convention of Universalists will be held in Syracuse August 27, and will continue three days. The subject of education will occupy a large part of its time and attention.

It is proved by official statistics that the number of students aided by the "American College and Education Society" has more than doubled in thirteen years. In 1865 the beneficiaries were 200; in 1878, 427; since 1874 the increase has been very decided, the number for that year being 354. The distribution of the total for 1878 is: in theological seminaries, 279; in colleges, 160; some of these being twice counted, the total is, as already given, 427. As many as 81 divinity students of Yale are recipients of aid; Bangor and Andover register 56 each.

The Presbyterian missionaries in North China deputed recently one of their number, the Rev. Albert Whiting, to carry to the province of Shan-si the means of relief intrusted to their care, valued at $24,000. Nine mule carts constituted the caravan. Setting out from Tien-tsin they found the country "one vast plain, as dry as a desert." No rain has fallen for a very long time. On one day clouds of sand driven by the wind made travelling impossible. When 260 miles from Tien-tsin the party had to leave their carts, and cross the mountains on mule litters. Mr. Whiting says: "I have seen bark and roots ground for food. The cries of the starving, and the piteous look of the little children with pinched faces and sunken eyes, would move a heart of stone. Now we meet a family going they hardly know where. The father is carrying one feeble child on his back, and the feeble mother leads another. Starvation is behind them, and they look as if death were not far ahead. It is not unusual to find bodies lying in the road where they fall." This good missionary fell a martyr to his humane efforts to relieve the sufferers. He died at Tai-Yuen, of typhus fever, after a short illness. He closed the letter from which we have quoted with these words: "Death every where. Millions have died already, I firmly believe. What is America doing to help in this terrible hour?"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Details of the funeral of the young Queen Mercedes at Madrid show a painful contrast between the sombre ceremonials in the Church of San Francisco el Grande on July 17, and the joyous marriage festivities in the Atocha Cathedral on January 23. Early in the morning of the funeral day about four thousand invited spectators entered the church, the majority being ladies, clad in deep mourning. The aspect of the interior was imposing. The light from the windows was nearly excluded, and thousands of tapers cast a splendid but lurid glare on the sable walls. In the centre of the church stood a large catafalque several meters high, representing a white monument, adorned with flowers and evergreens. This was lighted up with costly candelabra and hundreds of tapers, and at the sides were four statues representing four heralds, kings at arms, with coats of the houses of Bourbon and Orleans, and holding white banners with the *fleur-de-lis*. On the superior part of the catafalque was the sarcophagus, with wreaths given by the royal family, and surmounted with the insignia of royalty. Suspended from the dome was a monster crown, and four long sable scarfs extended across the dome in the shape of a cross. The altar, of Carrara marble, was magnificent; its fine bronze lamps and chandeliers were one blaze of light, set in relief by the dark background of its black velvet panels, which were studded with the *fleur-de-lis* and the letter "M" surmounted with a crown. Behind the altar was a towering statue of the Virgin de las Mercedes. On the steps and within the railing of the altar stood many priests. The scene during the requiem mass is described as thrilling—the solemn strains of the organ, the bells of the chants, mingled at times with the sound of artillery, the shrill voices of children chanting, the throng of mourners within the church, and the multitude without, behind the glittering line of guards.

The Palace of the Escurial is the retreat where King Alfonso mourns over his great loss—a melancholy abode, well fitted to foster grief. There, early every morning, the young king descends alone to the church and hears mass in the chapel where lie the remains of his beloved Queen. An hour he devotes to solitary memories before he begins the day devoted to state business. Very little change has been made in the Escurial for the royal family's residence, for by Alfonso's express orders the utmost simplicity is observed in all the arrangements of the palace.

About one hundred and twenty "Fresh-air Children," as they are called, have recently spent two or three weeks in private homes in Walton, Delaware County, New York. They were from needy families; in general were pale, puny, and underfed. The good people of Walton received them into their houses, gave them clothes, food, recreation—more than that, gave them kindly words and helpful sympathy. The little ones gained strength and health in their temporary abodes. They learned to love their entertainers, who also became deeply attached to many of the poor little waifs. This pleasant charity, "The *Evening Post* Fresh-air Fund," commends itself to the community as a simple method of doing a permanent good, morally and physically, to those children whose lives are chiefly spent in stifling tenement-houses. Rev. Willard Parsons gives his personal supervision in all arrangements connected with locating the children.

The British residents of California will present Lord Beaconsfield with a $1500 silver brick, mounted in native wood, adorned with specimens of quartz.

In reference to the care of infants during hot weather, the Board of Health says, in a recently issued circular: "Summer-complaint comes from overfeeding and hot and foul air. Keep doors and windows open. Wash your well children with cold water twice a day, and oftener in the hot season. Never neglect looseness of the bowels in an infant; consult the family or dispensary physician at once, and he will give you rules about what it should take and how it should be nursed. Keep your rooms as cool as possible, have them well ventilated, and do not allow any bad smell to come from sinks, privies, garbage boxes, or gutters about the house where you live. See that your own apartments are right, and complain to the Board of Health, No. 301 Mott Street, if the neighborhood is offensive. Where an infant is cross and irritable in the hot weather, a trip on the water will do it a great deal of good (ferry-boat or excursion boat), and may prevent cholera infantum."

Somebody who either really dislikes surf-bathing, or has enviously watched those who happily disport in the wild sea waves, thus discourses in the New York *Times*:

"It is the surf which makes the sea-shore a place of torment. In accordance with our false system of ethics, it is held to be the duty of every one who visits the sea-shore to bathe. Of course no one ever really wanted to put on preposterous clothes and to wade out into disgustingly turbulent water in order to be knocked over and half drowned in the presence of an unfeeling public. Were the dining-room of a Long Island hotel to be strewn with sand, pepples, and sharp shells, and were the guests then to be invited to put on the most ridiculous of conceivable garments and walk barefooted over the floor to meet a number of athletic waiters, by whom they should be knocked down, and made to stand on their heads, and forced to swallow quantities of salt-water, no sensible guest would accept the invitation. Yet such an entertainment would be rather safer and more pleasant than surf-bathing."

At Gloucester, Massachusetts, where the United States Fish Commissioner, Professor Spencer F. Baird, has made his summer head-quarters, he will make a specialty of hatching young cod-fish for the New England coast. He also proposes to experiment with the Norwegian gill net for deep-sea fishing, thinking that larger catches of cod may be made near the bottom than by hook-and-line fishing.

Lake George is to be stocked with fish under the auspices of Mr. Seth Green, Superintendent of State Fisheries, and improvements are to be made in the lake and its surroundings.

The postal carrier system has been extended to the villages of Fordham, West Farms, and Tremont, in the Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth wards. There are three deliveries daily, and residents in those localities rejoice thereat.

The name applied to a beautiful summer resort, "The Thousand Islands," does not indicate an exaggeration. It is said that the region contains more than two thousand islands, two or three of which are equal in size to Manhattan Island. Some of the islands belong to Canada, and some to the United States, and upon several large summer dwellings have been erected, and the cool, bracing air makes these residences most delightful.

According to an item in the *Army and Navy Journal*, there were, not long ago, six army officers travelling under orders, and an investigating committee going over the same route at public expense. The army officers handed in a bill of $5 25 for seven meals, with $1 50 for porterage, and the last charge was disallowed. The Congressmen, on the other hand, had a bill for the following items, that was paid:

2 cases of Mumm's Dry Verzenay, at $24 a case.	$48 00
1 dozen 1830 brandy	38 00
300 imported cigars, at $16	48 00
1½ dozen Vino de Pasto sherry	12 00
10½ pounds Stilton cheese, at 75 cents	7 88
7½ pounds Cheddar cheese, at 60 cents	4 50
1 can cream crackers	1 25
1 can of Bent's water-crackers	3 25
2 dozen assorted meats	12 00
2 large jars assorted pickles	1 30
1 trunk	4 00
1 dozen Old Stag whiskey	15 00
Hatchet and corkscrew	1 25
Total	$196 43

The following "hints to bathers" we clip from an exchange for the benefit of those who enjoy the surf at Coney Island and similar resorts:

Examine the tide-table, and ascertain whether the tide is ebb or flow.

The tide is flowing for six hours before the time of high water. It is ebbing during the six hours after.

Enter the water rapidly, and wet your head and chest at once.

In a flood tide one may indulge in a deep-water swim, and if the water is genially warm, you may take all the liberty you desire, as the tow is then inshore from the Gulf Stream.

If under the water, you will rise to the surface by throwing the head back and the chest full forward, and you will remain down by keeping the head pressed upon the chest.

If a swimmer is caught in an off-shore tow and is not strong enough to make headway against it, he must strike diagonally to the current, take his time, and by all means not permit himself to get excited.

If you intend to remain long in the water, put a bit of cotton wadding in your ears. Professional swimmers, when diving, use, in addition, a steel spring on the nostrils to close them. The salt-water can not in consequence get into the head.

If bathing in an ebb tide, it is prudent not to go beyond wading distance, no matter how good a swimmer one may be. Remember the current sets off-shore in an ebb tide, and the tow is especially strong along the Long Island coast for a day or two after a northeaster.

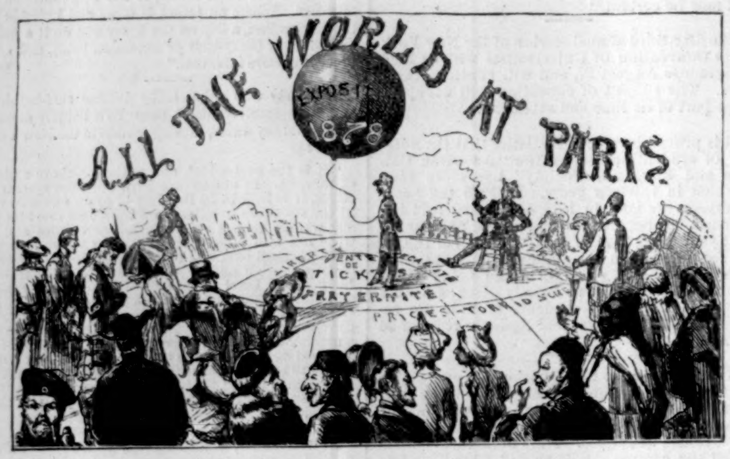
In diving to fetch up sand, place your hands over your head in the form of a V; keep the chin to the chest and fire downward; keep your eyes open—the water will not hurt them. When you want to rise to the surface, throw your head back and your arms out from your shoulders, and draw them rapidly toward your hips.

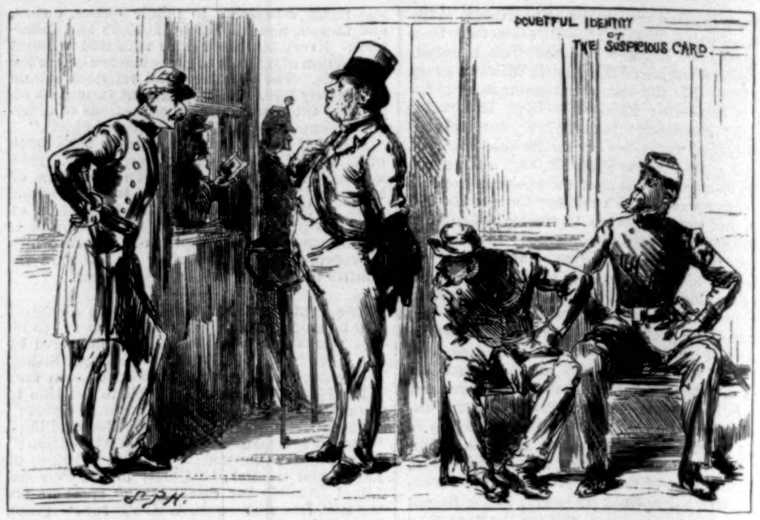
If you are bathing in a high sea, never allow the swell to strike you in the chest. Always present the shoulder to the breaker, or go head-foremost into it. Diving head-foremost into a wave is the most delightful exercise of sea-bathing. The shock touches every nerve in the system, and the dive, if properly made, communicates the iodine of the ocean to every pore in the body.

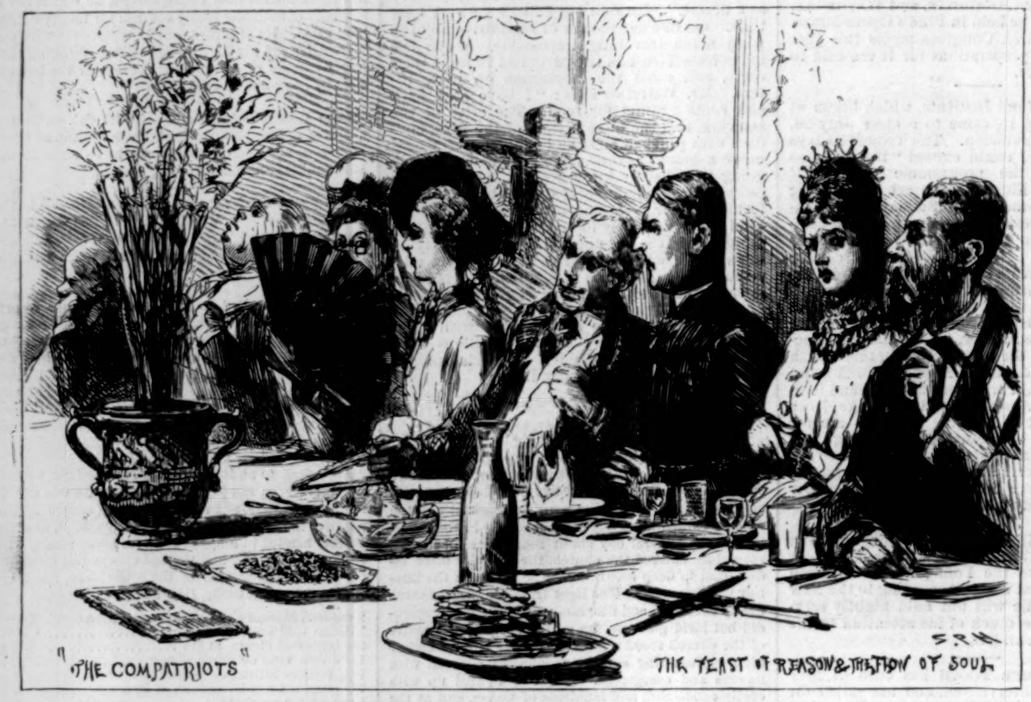
Place your hands over your head; let your thumbs cross and the digits of each hand touch one another; keep the fingers together, the two hands forming a flat surface. When the wave comes, dive in, count three, then throw your head back from your chest and your hands forward; this action will bring you to the surface. You will like the sensation which follows.

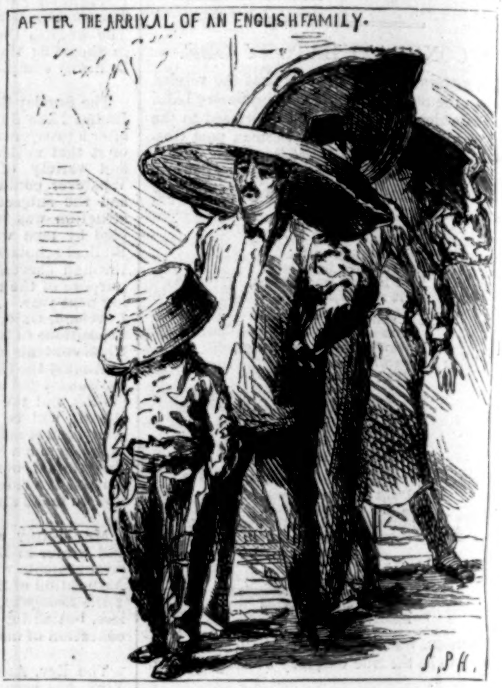
Should a breaker strike you on the chest, you will surely go under and will be whirled about by the powerful eddies of the broken wave. The rush of waters will confuse you. To this confusion and the fright which ensues most of the cases of drowning are due. You should remember, if thus overwhelmed, that the force of the breaker will be spent in less than ten seconds, and that then you will not be in more than three feet of water, and can easily recover your feet.

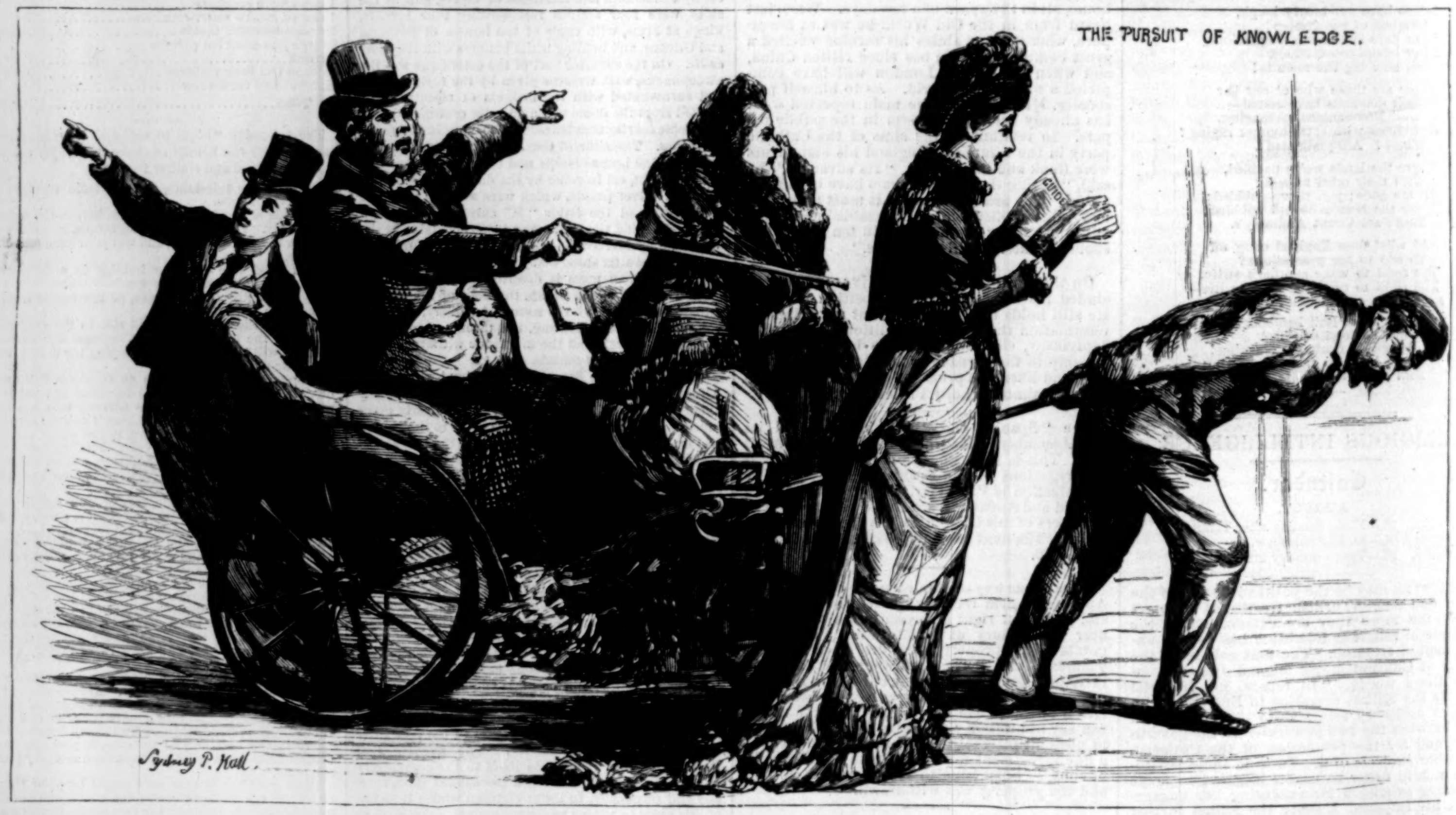
A swim in deep water when there is a good long swell is a most pleasant exercise. The sea-water, when free of the shallows and sands of the beach, has a smooth, pleasant feel, and is uniform in temperature. You can draw your strokes steadily, for each wave will come to you in due succession. The sensation enjoyed in sliding from the top of a high wave into the valley between it and the coming one can not be imagined by those who have not experienced it, and the exercise of mounting to the top of the next one is most invigorating.




DOUBTFUL IDENTITY OF THE SUSPICIOUS CARD.
S.P.H.


"THE COMPATRIOTS"
THE FEAST OF REASON & THE FLOW OF SOUL
S.P.H.

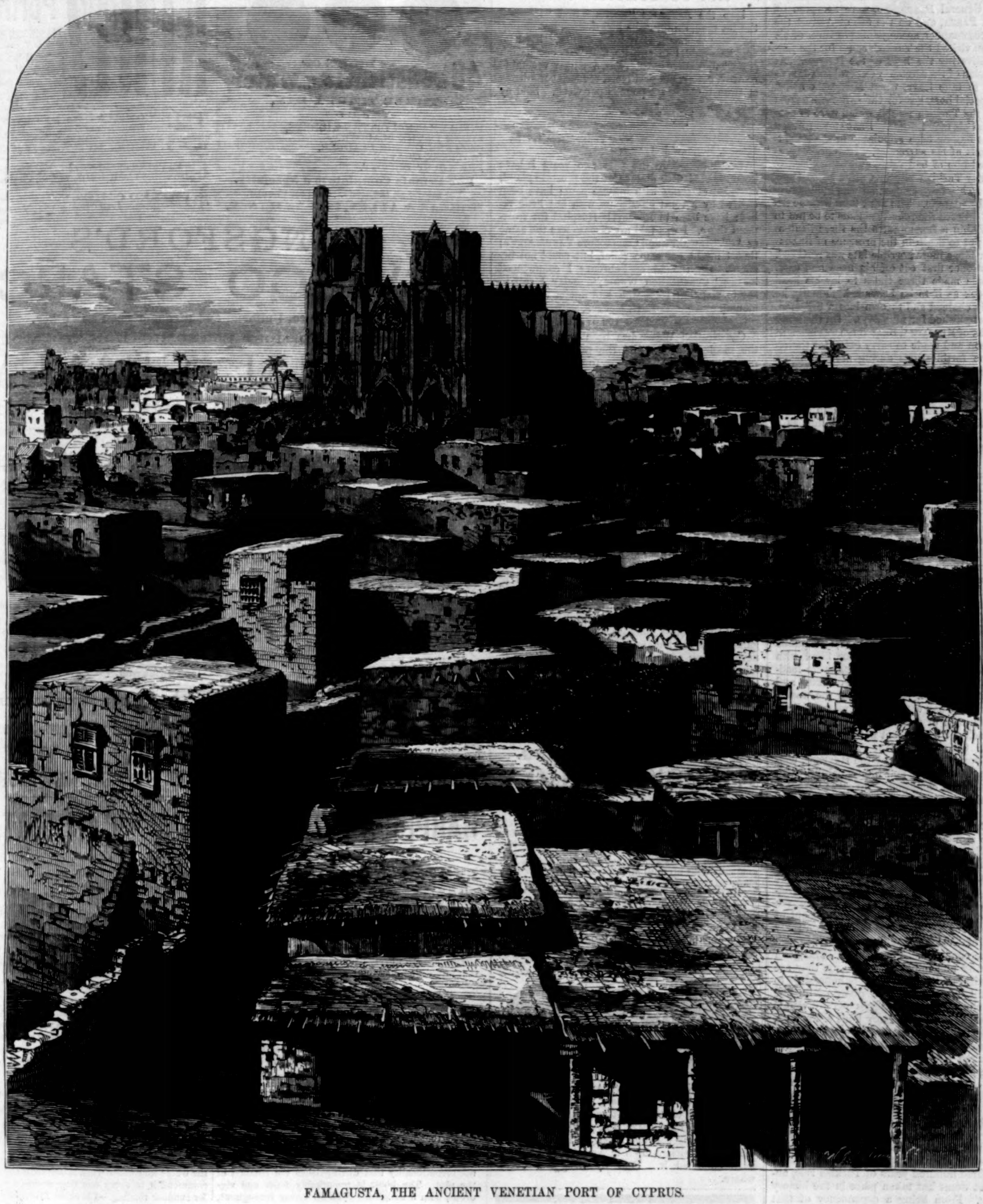

AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF AN ENGLISH FAMILY.
S.P.H.


THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.
Sydney P. Hall.

ALL THE WORLD AT PARIS.

The Paris Exhibition, like any other great international gathering, naturally affords unlimited scope for the study of character. Representatives of every race and clime are huddled together in a curious medley, and the student of human nature is enabled to gaze upon his fellow-creatures and form an estimate of their qualities while they pass before him like a panorama.

The artist to whom we are indebted for the above sketches is clearly of a facetious turn of mind. He is more charmed with the ridiculous than interested in ethnological differences, and the type of human being that appeals most forcibly to his sense of humor is the English *pater-familias* abroad with his flock. It must puzzle the thoughtful traveller sorely to find out why the Englishman abroad preserves his individuality so much better than the representative of any other nation. There is no mistaking him any where. Whether he appears in the centre of cosmopolitan Paris or alights on the sands of Sahara, he is indisputably the same; his identity is never confused, and no trace of any of the influences that may have swept over him in his travels remains upon his manners, his conversation, or his appearance. It is said that the chief difficulty that lies in the way of writing "the American novel" is the absence of social types. Certainly the duty of modelling himself in form, features, and expression exactly according to the class to which he belongs is better understood by an Englishman than any other inhabitant of the globe. The particular Briton portrayed by our artist is clearly an exhibitor at the great show, for in the first sketch we find him holding a controversy with the ticket man over what appears to be a photograph of himself. Two or three *gens-d'armes* are interesting themselves in the question, and it will evidently go hard with the applicant for admission if his features do not prove to be identical with those on the card he offers for inspection. Our next view of him is at the *table d'hôte*, surrounded by his family, and here, if we may judge from the expression of the various faces, there is another difficulty to be encountered. Whether the obsequious *garçon* has failed in his duty, or French cookery fails to tempt the English palate, we are left to decide for ourselves; but clearly the first dinner in Paris has not been productive of any measure of delight. The next sketch would be rather puzzling had not a hint been received from the artist that the strange procession depicted was the result of a demand on the part of the English family for baths. Water is not a popular fluid among the French, and an external application of it such a rare event that the necessary apparatus is not likely to be forth-coming on sudden call. Apparently, however, in this instance the proprietors have done their best. In the last sketch we find the whole party fairly *en route* within the halls of the Exhibition. One young lady, guide-book in hand, is the pioneer. Doubtless they will enjoy themselves immensely in spite of the "superior way in which they do these things in Old England."



FAMAGUSTA, THE ANCIENT VENETIAN PORT OF CYPRUS.

FAMAGUSTA.

This ancient city lies on a slope between two promontories on the eastern coast of the island of Cyprus. It was built from the ruins of the Greek city of Salamis, and is surrounded by high walls. On the land side there is a deep ditch twenty paces in width cut out of the solid rock. The walls are thick, and flanked by immense towers, whose sides are four paces thick and their interior four feet in diameter. The total circuit of the walls is nearly two miles. Within the fortress there is a castle with bastions, whereon a number of cannon are mounted. The town has two gates, each with draw-bridges, the one toward the land, the other leading to the sea. The harbor, which is large, and protected by some high rocks at the entrance, could once admit vessels of considerable draught, but is now choked up with sand and rubbish. The city itself is little better than a ruin, yet it was once known as one of the principal commercial marts of the Levant, and numbered among its inhabitants some of the wealthiest merchants of the East.

Famagusta was originally built by the Christians somewhere about the latter part of the eleventh century, but was made a fortified town in 1192 by Guy de Lusignan, a French Crusader, who purchased the island of Cyprus from the English conqueror, Richard the First. In the struggle which occurred two centuries later between Peter the Second, a member of the Lusignan dynasty, and the Genoese, the city figured conspicuously. On the occasion of his coronation King Peter entertained several eminent Genoese and Venetians at the royal palace, situated at Nicosia. These guests quarrelled about precedence, and appealed to the Cyprian monarch to decide the point at issue. The Genoese, it is said, were so highly offended by a verdict which was averse to their pretensions that they proposed to murder King Peter during the feast to which he had invited them and their rivals. Having in some manner become acquainted with the intention of his guests, the king caused the malcontents to be thrown from the windows of his palace, and ordered that every subject of Genoa within his dominions should be put to death. This monstrous command was, unfortunately for Peter, only too faithfully obeyed. The republic of Genoa, highly exasperated by this treatment of her citizens, immediately proceeded to punish the Cyprian king by sending a fleet of war vessels to Cyprus under command of the Admiral Pietro Fregaso. This officer, after several engagements, captured the city of Famagusta, which was soon transformed into a Genoese fortress. Secure in their hold upon the island so long as they retained this important city, the Genoese added immensely to the fortifications, and made them almost impregnable. It was ninety years before Famagusta again became the property of the monarch of Cyprus, and then it was only wrested from the Genoese by the aid of foreign mercenaries employed by James the Second.

The wife of this monarch, who had succeeded in seating himself upon the throne of his fathers in spite of his illegitimate birth, was a Venetian lady, who, after the death of her husband, ruled Cyprus for sixteen years, but finally abdicated in favor of the government of Venice. Eighty years of comparative peace followed this event, when finally the inhabitants of the island became aware that a danger threatened them greater than any they had known in the past. For a long time the Turks had been casting longing eyes toward Cyprus. Occasionally their rapacity took an active form, and vessels of the pirate order would enter various ports of the island and plunder such towns as were in the vicinity. Venice, informed of these incursions, determined to invest the fortresses of Cyprus. Famagusta was among the most important, and Venetian engineers were sent thither and commissioned to put the city in order for the reception of a large garrison.

In July of 1570 the Turks landed in force at Cyprus, and in September began the famous siege of Famagusta—the siege that lost Cyprus to Venice, and which stands as an instance of Turkish perfidy that has few parallels even in the history of that most unprincipled and treacherous nation. The garrison at this time consisted of 7000 Venetians, commanded by the heroic General Mark Antony Bragadino. Every useless mouth was sent away from the city, leaving only the men at arms. For months the garrison was enabled to repulse every attack of the Turks; but in the spring of 1571 the Turkish commander, Mustapha, opened a trench three miles in extent, which effectually cut off the Venetians from any communication with the surrounding country. This trench, it is said, was sufficiently large and deep to enable horsemen to gallop its length without being perceived by the enemy. Behind it were erected ten forts, from which a constant fire was kept up upon the walls of the fortress. The garrison replied but ineffectually, owing to the inferior quality of its arms and munitions.

After having crippled the bastions of Famagusta the Turks attempted an assault, but were repulsed. In the mean time, however, operations went steadily forward, and the fortress was undermined. On the 21st of June an explosion took place, firing the city and tearing down a portion of the walls. An assault was made at the same time, but was rendered ineffectual by the heroic struggles of the garrison. Three weeks later a second explosion took place, followed by a combat lasting six hours, in which the Turks were worsted and beaten back to their intrenchments. Throughout June and July a series of such encounters took place, the garrison in every case displaying the most remarkable heroism. Finally starvation menaced them. By the middle of July there was neither meat, wine, nor vegetables to be had in the city. The troops were reduced to subsisting on corn, and the flesh of horses, dogs, and cats. On the 29th of July the Turks made a desperate assault. It was the sixteenth, and the last the garrison was able to sustain. Officers and men fought together like heroes, General Bragadino himself killing several of the enemy with his own hands. The victory they achieved was, however, equivalent to a defeat. Their ammunition was exhausted, their food consumed, and, realizing the impossibility of resisting another attack, the unfortunate garrison surrendered, trusting themselves to the mercy of the Turks. The conditions of surrender, as proposed by General **Bragadino**, were accepted by **Mustapha Pasha**, and on the 5th of August the Venetian commander, accompanied by three of his lieutenants, visited the Turkish camp for the purpose of delivering the keys of the fortress. At the conclusion of the ceremony General **Bragadino** had risen to take leave, when **Mustapha** asked him for special hostages for the safe return from Candia of the Turkish vessels which were to convey him and his men thither. **Bragadino** refused this, as not having been stipulated in the accepted conditions of his surrender. In reply **Mustapha** accused him of bad faith, and of having put to death fifty Turkish pilgrims after he had surrendered. This false accusation was indignantly denied by **Bragadino**. The Turk then became enraged, and ordered the four Venetians to be put to death. Within a few minutes the three lieutenants were put to death in the presence of **Bragadino**. For him a more horrible fate was reserved. The executioner first cut off his nose and ears. Then he was made three times to lay his head upon a block as if to be beheaded. Finally he was heavily chained and thrown into a dungeon, where he languished for nine days. On the tenth day, by order of **Mustapha**, **Bragadino** was brought out of prison and made to carry earth for the repair of the fortifications during several hours, after which the heroic soldier, more dead than alive, was tied to a stake, and in the presence of the ferocious Turk was flayed alive. During his agony he was repeatedly mocked by both **Mustapha** and the executioner, who reviled him as a Christian. His only reply was the magnificent words of the "Miserere," which he recited as long as he was able to speak. Not content with what he had done to the hero living, **Mustapha** ordered that his body should be quartered, and the skin stuffed and sent, together with the heads of the other Venetians, as a present to the Sultan. The force engaged in the siege of Famagusta consisted of 200,000 men, of whom 94,000 were Turks, and the rest adventurers from Syria and Asia Minor. During the siege 75,000 of the army perished, and 140,000 bomb-shells were expended, which, nearly two centuries after, were still lying in heaps about the town.

Once in the hands of the Turks, Famagusta was speedily divested of her prestige and her glory. Her fortress was dismantled, her public buildings destroyed, and the harbor filled with vessels, which, by order of **Mustapha**, were loaded with the families of prominent Venetians and their effects, and then sunk beneath the waves. The visitor of to-day can see in Famagusta little save a monument of the past, yet even in ruins it speaks well for the ancient power of the Venetian state. General **Cesnola**, in his admirable work on Cyprus, published by the **Harpers**, contrasts its past strength and impregnability with its present ruined condition. He says: "As you approach the massive walls of the city, which are nearly seventeen feet thick, and of solid stone, all taken from the ruins of Salamis, you see how impossible it was to take such a city except by famine and treachery. The walls stand now as impregnable and intact as when raised by the **Lusignans**. The old bronze guns of the republic of Venice are still on the bastions in their original place, looking formidably toward the sea and the plain of Salamis, but spiked and out of service since 1571. There are half a dozen rusty iron guns of Turkish manufacture pretty much in the same condition. The ruins of Famagusta are not grand and imposing, yet to me they are most beautiful and touching. It is impossible to see the still existing walls of many of its fine mediæval churches, with frescoes plainly visible on the interiors—here a rectory built in keeping, there evidences of elegant homes—without feelings of intense sadness. Only two out of the three hundred churches which are said to have existed in Famagusta were left standing. The principal one—formerly the cathedral, and now used as a mosque—is paved with mortuary marble slabs, engraved with the names and arms of Italian noblemen once buried beneath them, whose bones were exhumed and thrown into the sea by order of the fanatical and ferocious **Mustapha Pasha** the day after he captured the city."

After three hundred years of Turkish rule, another great event has taken place in the history of Cyprus. From being a dependency of that barbarous empire, she has passed into the possession of the foremost Christian nation of the world. Clearly a brighter future is before her. Her ancient glory will not return to her, for the star of empire has long since ceased to hover over the shores of the Levant. Her fortresses will be restored, however, and her people will know the blessing of wise and beneficent rule. The fields that have become sterile and arid under the blight of Oriental sloth will yield an abundant harvest to the English husbandman. Her towns will be rebuilt, and become the centres of an active commerce. Like Malta, she will take her place among the prosperous isles of the Mediterranean. Her new Governor is a soldier distinguished by the services he has already rendered to his country. Under him the fortresses of Cyprus will regain their prestige. Famagusta will cease to wear its present air of dilapidation and decay. The English flag will wave from its battlements, and its walls re-echo to the tread of a Christian garrison such as defended it under the hero **Bragadino**.

The Deputy Sheriff of Ottawa, Ill., writes: "For over two years I have suffered terribly with '*scald head*,' in its worst form. A few weeks ago I tried a bottle of Cocoaine. The first application gave me relief, and now the disease is effectually cured, and I recommend it to any one suffering with the above complaint."—[*Com.*]

The Most Stylish and Fashionable Cloaks in the Market are those made by Springer Brothers, of Boston.—[*Com.*]

HIS OCCUPATION GONE.

Had the Arkansas "doctor" that "tapped" the fat man, thinking he had dropsy, but finding no water pronounced it "dry dropsy," lived to-day, he would, like Othello, find "his occupation gone," for Allan's Anti-Fat, a purely vegetable remedy, safely, but positively, reduces corpulency at from three to six pounds per week. Sold by druggists.—[*Com.*]

New York, *March* 1, 1878.

Messrs. Morgan & Allen:

Gentlemen,—For the past two years I have been afflicted with disease of the prostate gland, attended at times with intense pain; have been treated by several physicians, with but little relief; have been in Roosevelt Hospital for treatment there. I was told my disease was the same as A. T. Stewart's and Commodore Vanderbilt's; that I might get some relief, but could not be cured. On the 2d of February I commenced taking "Constitution Water;" to-day I call to say to you that I am well, and tender this testimonial.

E. H. Morton,
165 Waverley Place.

Constitution Water has been pronounced by the medical faculty and the public to be the most wonderful remedy for the stomach, liver, kidneys, and bladder that has ever been offered. *It is not a spring water*, but a preparation by an eminent physician. For sale by all druggists. Send for Circular. Morgan & Allen, 59 John Street, New York.—[*Com.*]

Ninety-nine times out of a hundred those obscure complaints which make life miserable and are a perpetual puzzle to medical men, arise from sluggish action of the kidneys, or deposit in the urinary machinery. Neglected or maltreated gravel, diabetes, or Bright's disease is induced, and, after years of suffering, nature succumbs, and accelerated by the common treatment the patient dies. Science has discovered in "Constitution Water" a resolvent and alterative of tremendous power, which, exhibited in small doses, effectually relieves the system from all those incipient germs of lasting disease which attack the kidneys, bladder, and reproductive organs, while for female irregularities it proves a never failing specific. Tasteless as well as diminutive in doses, 40 drops being a maximum, Constitution Water never fails to cure.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S COCOA.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—See article in the *Civil Service Gazette*.

Sold only in soldered tins, labelled
JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng.

FRAGRANT SOZODONT FOR THE TEETH

SOZODONT is a delicate Aromatic Dentifrice, and should be used by every person who values a sound set of teeth. It imparts a delightful fragrance to the Breath, and prevents the gums from becoming soft and spongy. Eminent Dentists and Physicians both in America and Europe have endorsed it. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

BEWARE of COUNTERFEITS & IMITATIONS!
BOKER'S BITTERS
The best Stomach Bitters known, containing most valuable medicinal properties in all cases of Bowel complaints; a sure specific against Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, &c. A fine cordial in itself, if taken pure. It is also most excellent for mixing with other cordials, wines, &c. Comparatively the cheapest Bitters in existence.
L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent,
P. O. Box 1029. No. 78 John St., N. Y.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICE.

CAXTON PRESS, Self-Inking, only $13. COLUMBIAN PRESS, Self-Inking, from $25 to $56; will do the work of a $250 Press. Presses from $3 50. Send stamp for catalogue to CURTIS & MITCHELL, 15 Federal St., Boston, Mass. Established 1847.

Pennsylvania Military Academy,
CHESTER, PA.
Opens September 11th. Thorough instruction in civil engineering, the classics, and English. For circulars, apply to **COLONEL THEO. HYATT, President.**

C. STEHR, Manufacturer of **Meerschaum Pipes & Cigar Holders.** Wholesale and retail. Send for Circular and Price-List. **347 Broome St., N. Y.** Medal awarded at Centennial, 1876.

PLAYS, Tableaux, Dialogues, Recitations, Colored Fire, Wigs, Moustaches, &c. Catalogues sent free by **Happy Hours Company,** No. 5 Beekman St., New York.

25 Fashionable Visiting Cards—no two alike, with name, **10c.** Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N. Y.

40 DROPS OF Constitution Water,
THREE TIMES A DAY,
CURES
INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS,
STONE IN THE BLADDER,
CATARRH OF THE BLADDER,
DIABETES, GRAVEL,
BRICKDUST DEPOSIT.
For Female Complaints a Specialty.
For sale by all Druggists. Send for Circular.
MORGAN & ALLEN, 59 John St., N. Y.

KURTZ Portraits,
MADISON SQUARE.
BRANCH:
Old Post-Office Building,
Nassau Street.

TELESCOPES AT REDUCED PRICES. Microscopes, Opera Glasses, Spectacles, Thermometers. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. **R. & J. BECK, 921 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.**

BIG PAY to sell our Rubber Printing Stamps. Samples free. TAYLOR BROS. & CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

40 MIXED CARDS, with name, 10c. Agent's outfit, 10c. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

KINGSFORD'S
OSWEGO STARCH
Is perfectly Pure, Uniform, and Stronger than any other.
IS THE BEST AND MOST ECONOMICAL IN THE WORLD.

IMPERIAL GRANUM.
THE GREAT MEDICINAL FOOD.
FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.
REGISTERED JUNE 5, 1877.
NUTRITION, STRENGTH, PROTECTION, LIFE.
SUPERIOR NUTRITION THE LIFE.

This justly celebrated **Dietetic Preparation** is, in composition, principally the **Gluten** derived from the **White Winter Flint Wheat Cereal,** a solid extract, the invention of an eminent Chemist. It has not only been highly recommended, but certified to, by a large number of Chemists and Physicians, representing a very high degree of medical science, as the Safest, most Acceptable, and Reliable Food for the **Growth and Protection of Infants and Children,** and

For Mothers Lacking Sufficient Nourishment for their Offspring.

Unlike those preparations made from animal or vinous matter, which are liable to stimulate the brain and irritate the digestive organs, it embraces in its elementary composition

That which makes strong Bone and Muscle; that which makes good Flesh and Blood; that which is easy of Digestion—never constipating; that which is kind and friendly to the Brain, and that which acts as a preventive of those Intestinal Disorders incidental to Childhood.

And while it would be difficult to conceive of anything in Food or Dessert more **Creamy** and **Delicious,** or more **Nourishing** and **Strengthening** as an aliment in Fevers, Pulmonary Complaints, Dyspepsia, and General Debility, its **rare Medicinal Excellence** in all **Intestinal Diseases,** especially in **Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhea, and Cholera Infantum,** *has been incontestably proven.*

SOLD BY Druggists & Pharmacists IN THE PRINCIPAL CITIES Of the United States.
WHOLESALE DEPOT,
JOHN CARLE & SONS, 153 WATER STREET, NEW YORK.

HARPER'S LIBRARY OF AMERICAN FICTION.

1. ESTHER PENNEFATHER. A Novel. By Alice Perry. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

It is a peculiarly interesting story, fixing the attention by a certain intentness, repressed force, and isolation of thought.—*Home Journal*, N. Y.

A story of remarkable originality. * * * It is full of strength and power.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

Of great power, and calculated to attract universal attention. Miss Perry has drawn a series of pictures that interest and fascinate.—*Boston Transcript.*

A story of considerable strength and originality.—*Christian Advocate*, N. Y.

A more remarkable book from the pen of a woman has not been given to the public; indeed, it possesses more of the strength and virility of a masculine mind than of a woman. All the incidents and characters of the book possess a fascination that is entirely unique.—*N. Y. Express.*

2. JUSTINE'S LOVERS. A Novel. 8vo, Paper, 60 cents.

A remarkably interesting work. * * * The experiences in office-seeking, and especially the interviews with the "great secretary," are most graphically drawn, and have every appearance of being studied from real life. The story is full of life and humor.—*Independent*, N. Y.

Bears many marks of unusual talent. * * * One of its minor merits is a happy gift of expression, a knack of crystallizing a thought in its most compact, precise, and translucent form.—*N. Y. Sun.*

May be read with decided pleasure.—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

Racy and vigorous.—*Boston Post.*

3. MIRIAM'S HERITAGE. A Story of the Delaware River. By Alma Calder. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

May be ranked among the best of the more modern novels that have attempted to depict American life. It has many strong recommendations to favorable notice, but none more worthy than the pleasing unconventionality that distinguishes the conduct of the plot. The book is remarkably fresh and vigorous, with a delightful open-air flavor throughout, and an interest that is attractive not only in, but beyond its pretty story.—*Saturday Evening Gazette*, Boston.

The book is American, the story is American, and the whole tone of the work is decidedly Christian. We commend it to every one who wishes a capital book for summer reading.—*Christian Intelligencer*, N. Y.

4. MAG. A Story of To-Day. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

A strong book, characterized by much originality. It is written with great spirit, and shows decided power in its writer. The touching plot is developed with a skill in which grace and delicacy are admirably blended with vividness and force.—*Saturday Evening Gazette*, Boston.

Is entitled to a place among the most pleasing works of American fiction.—*Rochester Express.*

A more thoroughly realistic sketch of character has not been given to the public for some time. * * * A new and strongly put lesson of the doctrine of charity.—*N. Y. Express.*

It comes from a hand that is strong in dramatic portraiture. * * * The characters are presented in well-defined relief. * * * The story is told with pleasing sprightliness.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

5. COLONEL DUNWODDIE, MILLIONAIRE. A Story of To-Day. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

This story is one of high order and acknowledged merit, and will meet with a warm welcome from those who are particularly interested in American literature.—*New Bedford Standard.*

An American novel worth reading. * * * All the characters are alike strongly drawn, and the book is well written.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

The Messrs. Harper are keeping their "Library of American Fiction" up to the high standard which was promised for it, and are presenting a series of works of fiction which is drawing upon evidently the best literary talent of the country. In "Colonel Dunwoddie, Millionaire," the author gives a fair, unprejudiced picture of the South as it is to-day, which should be read from one end of the country to the other.—*N. Y. Express.*

6. KILROGAN COTTAGE. A Novel. By Matilda Despard. 8vo, Paper, 60 cents.

"This very clever and interesting story, which abounds in excellent and novel features, is chiefly remarkable for its admirable pictures of country life in Ireland twenty or thirty years ago, with every phase of which the writer appears to be thoroughly familiar. Mrs. Despard possesses humor, keen observation, and good descriptive power; and in depicting character deserves to rank with the best female novelists of the day. She has much of the quiet, even strength which is the secret of Miss Mulock's popularity."

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

"Harper's Library of American Fiction" will be supplied in half leather binding, paper sides, at 25 cents, net, per volume, in addition to the price of the respective volumes in paper covers.

Rogers' Statuary.

$10 and upward.

"Private Theatricals, last moments behind the scenes."

Price $15.

Illustrated Catalogues may be had on application, or will be mailed, by enclosing 10 cents to

JOHN ROGERS,
1155 Broadway, N. Y.,
Corner 27th Street.

PATENT PREPARED GASOLENE

For GAS MACHINES. An absolutely pure article. Gives more Gas per gallon. Every barrel guaranteed. For sale at same price as the ordinary Gasolene. Address the Manufacturers,

CHARLES PRATT & CO.,
128 Pearl St., N. Y.

Harper's European Guide-Book

FOR 1878.

IN 3 VOLS. PRICE, $3 00 PER VOL.

The Volumes sold separately.

Vol. I. Great Britain, Ireland, France, Belgium, and Holland.

Vol. II. Germany, Austria, Italy, and the East.

Vol. III Switzerland, Russia, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Spain.

☞ *Either of the Volumes sent by mail on receipt of Three Dollars.*

HARPER'S PHRASE-BOOK, in English, French, German, and Italian. Price, $1 50.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

MINTON'S ART AND ENAMELED TILES

China Works, Stoke-upon-Trent.

Also, **The CAMPBELL BRICK & TILE Co's**
Encaustic and Geometrical Floor Tiles, Mosaics, &c.

THOS. ASPINWALL & SON,
604 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
The only representatives in the United States for the above firms.

OPIUM Habit Cured.

A CERTAIN AND SURE CURE.

Large Reduction in Prices. *A Trial Bottle Free.*

Mrs. J. A. DROLLINGER, LAPORTE, IND.
Box 1038. (Formerly Mrs. Dr. S. B. Collins.)

AGENTS WANTED
FOR

Through the Dark Continent.

By HENRY M. STANLEY.

In Two Volumes, Octavo, containing 10 Maps and 149 Illustrations. Many of these illustrations are from photographs taken upon the spot, and show the People and Scenery along the route. Agents wanted for this popular work, which is sold exclusively by Subscription. Apply to or address

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

Rheumatism NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, Cured.

Immediate and permanent relief. Never has failed. Many cures seem almost miraculous. Send for free circulars. **Dr. C. FRANKLIN, Toledo, O.**

$57,60 Agents' profits per week. Will prove it or forfeit $500. New articles, just patented. Samples sent free to all. Address W. H. CHIDESTER, 218 Fulton St., N.Y.

FREEHOLD Institute, Freehold, New Jersey. Boys thoroughly prepared for College or Business. Send for catalogues to the Principal, Rev. A. G. CHAMBERS.

65 Mixed Cards, with name, 10c. and stamp. Ag'ts Outfit, 10c. L. C. COE & CO., Bristol, Conn.

$3 GOLD PLATED WATCHES. Cheapest in the known world. *Sample Watch Free to Agents.* Address, A. Coulter & Co., Chicago.

18 ELEGANT New Style Chromo Cards, with name, 10c., postpaid. Geo. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N.Y.

$350 A MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—36 best selling articles in the world; one sample *free.* Address Jay Bronson, Detroit, Mich.

GOLD Any worker can make $12 a day at home. Costly outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

Harper's New and Enlarged Catalogue

WITH A COMPLETE ANALYTICAL INDEX,
AND A
VISITORS' GUIDE TO THEIR ESTABLISHMENT,

Sent by mail on receipt of Nine Cents.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

$1200 Salary. Salesmen wanted to sell our Staple Goods to dealers. No peddling. Expenses paid. Permanent employment. address S. A. GRANT & CO, 2, 4, 6 & 8 Home St., Cincinnati, O.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Me.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

LADIES can make $5 a day in their own city or town. Address "ELLIS M'F'G CO.," Waltham, Mass.

HOOKER'S NATURAL SCIENCE SERIES.

IMPORTANT REVISIONS.

The most Complete Series of Text-Books on Natural Science published in this Country.

HOOKER'S CHILD'S BOOK OF NATURE.

	Mailing Price.	*Introduction.*	*Exchange.*
Part I. Plants	**$0 53**	**$0 34**	**$0 30**
" II. Animals	**56**	**36**	**32**
" III. Air, Water, &c.	**56**	**36**	**32**
Three Parts complete in one vol.	**1 31**	**84**	**70**

As a reading-book for schools, as a class-book for beginners in science, and as an aid in training children in habits of observation, this book is without a rival.

HOOKER'S FIRST BOOK IN CHEMISTRY.

REVISED EDITION.

Mailing Price, 56 cts. Introduction, 36 cts. Exchange, 32 cts.

This work is intended to follow the Child's Book of Nature, and may be used as a reading-book, and as a text-book for beginners in the study of chemistry.

	Mailing Price.	*Introduction.*	*Exchange.*
Hooker's Natural Philosophy, Revised	$1 17	$0 75	$0 60
Hooker's Chemistry, Revised,	1 17	75	60
Hooker's Natural History,	1 17	75	60
Hooker's Mineralogy and Geology,	1 17	75	60

Hooker's Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Natural History, and Mineralogy and Geology are designed for use in normal schools, high schools, and academies. They contain only what every well-informed person ought to know on the subjects treated, and are abundantly illustrated from common every-day phenomena.

From Alonzo Flack, *President of Claverack College and Hudson River Institute, N. Y.*

The Child's Book of Nature is a very fine book, and you will do good service to the young people in public and private schools and academies if you urge its introduction.

From V. W. Bicknell, *Commissioner of Public Schools, Providence, R. I.*

The Child's Book of Nature is a wonderful book, even in this age of literary and scientific wonders.

From George L. Maris, *Principal of State Normal School, Westchester, Pa.*

Hooker's Child's Book of Nature is the best work of the kind extant. It is just what I have long wanted for primary classes.

From J. C. Greenough, *Principal of State Normal School, Providence, R. I.*

Hooker's Child's Book of Nature is one of the very best books yet published for children.

From M. W. Nevius, *Principal of Chapel Grove Seminary, Mo.*

I have used Hooker's Book of Nature as a reading-book, and have never found any other work so attractive to pupils. They read it as they would a fairy tale, and never weary of poring over its pages. To my younger pupils the strongest incentive I can offer is the promise to put them in the class that reads from the Child's Book of Nature.

From E. A. Sheldon, *Superintendent of Schools, and Principal of Normal School, Oswego, N. Y.*

I have long since supplied all the primary schools of Oswego with Hooker's Child's Book of Nature. It is an admirable book.

From B. G. Northrop, *Superintendent of Public Instruction, Connecticut.*

I am highly pleased with Dr. Hooker's First Book in Chemistry. The illustrations are excellent, the style is simple and free from technicalities, making the leading facts and principles of the science clear to the comprehension of the juvenile mind. But the peculiar charm of this book, like that of the others in Dr. Hooker's excellent series, is found in its adaptation to excite the curiosity of children, and early foster a love of nature, and gratify the love of knowledge thus excited. It is well fitted for home reading, and will fascinate thoughtful children like a story-book.

The author is rendering a valuable service to the cause of popular education by facilitating the study of the sciences, and investing common things with new interest, sharpening the senses, and aiding in the formation of habits of close observation.

From W. P. Atkinson, *Professor in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.*

We believe this is the most complete series of school-books on natural science published in this country.

From J. V. Montgomery, *Principal of State Model School, Pa.*

I have never used any works in my school from which pupils have derived so much pleasure and benefit. Dr. Hooker's works should be in every school in the country. The elements of the sciences should be taught in the *common schools*, and with Dr. Hooker's works this can be successfully done.

From F. A. P. Barnard, *President of Columbia College, New York City.*

I have examined the books of Dr. Hooker's series which come under the title of "Science for the School and Family" with great satisfaction. They are admirably adapted to their purpose.

From E. A. Apgar, *State Superintendent, Department of Public Instruction, New Jersey.*

I never hesitate to recommend to school-officers any book written by Hooker.

From Albert B. Prescott, *Professor of Chemistry and Pharmacy, University of Michigan.*

In Hooker's Chemistry the primary principles of the science are emphatically and distinctly presented, and then thoroughly and abundantly illustrated by the objects and occurrences of every-day life.

From George Churchill, *Professor in Knox College, Galesburg, Ill.*

Almost every page deals with some topic of every-day concern, and in such way as to make it a thing of life and intense interest to every one, and for this reason I pronounce the book a decided success.

From W. A. Yohn, *Professor of Natural Science in Northern Indiana Normal School.*

Hooker's Chemistry meets my approval in every sense of the term. In fact, for all grades of students I consider it the best work I have seen.

From W. H. Hopkirk, *Teacher of Natural Science in High School, Burlington, Iowa.*

For an elementary course in chemistry, I consider it the best work I have yet seen.

From H. G. Colman, *Professor of Chemistry, Kalamazoo College, Mich.*

It is a well-arranged text-book. I especially esteem it because of the plain, practical, but interesting style in which it deals with organic chemistry.

A catalogue and descriptive circulars of our school and college text-books will be mailed free to any teacher or school-officer on application. Correspondence regarding books for examination, terms of introduction, etc., is solicited.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, New York.

FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY.

If we had in this country a body like the French Academy to award some honorable distinction to the most meritorious literary enterprise of each year, we think there would be no hesitation in bestowing that distinction this year on the "Franklin Square Library." The publishers of the Library have done a great deal for good literature during the many years their house has been established, but they have done nothing deserving of greater thanks from the whole country than they are entitled to for the "Franklin Square Library."—*N. Y. Mail.*

The most praiseworthy attempt to popularize the best class of literature that has ever been made in this country.—*Saturday Evening Gazette*, Boston.

Gives to a man for ten or fifteen cents what he has heretofore paid a dollar and a half for.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Convenient, neatly printed, and exceedingly cheap. —*S. S. Times*, Philadelphia.

The cheapest publication in the world.—*Philadelphia Press.*

The "Franklin Square Library" puts within the reach of the public, at the very lowest rates, some of the most valuable literary productions of the day. * * * These works are clearly printed, with large type and excellent paper; and yet the price of most of them is only ten cents each. For summer reading nothing could be more convenient or economical than the numbers of the "Franklin Square Library."—*N. Y. Sun.*

1. IS HE POPENJOY? A Novel. By Anthony Trollope. 15 cents.

Anthony Trollope has never written a more satisfactory novel.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Cleverly constructed and well written.—*Hartford Courant.*

2. HISTORY OF A CRIME. By Victor Hugo. 10 cents.

No novel can compare with it in interest.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

A terribly fascinating narrative, picture, drama, that is here given, re-enacting before our own eyes the scenes of a stormy epoch.—*Advance*, Chicago.

3. THE RUSSIANS OF TO-DAY. 10 cents.

This brilliant work is one of the most animated and interesting pictures of the Russian Empire and people out.—*Saturday Evening Gazette*, Boston.

A book that everybody should read who takes the slightest interest in the great question of the hour.—*N. Y. Herald.*

4. PAUL KNOX, PITMAN. A Novel. By John Berwick Harwood. 10 cents.

"A pathetic story of mining life, full of incident, and strong in character painting."

5. MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS. A Novel. By the Author of "The Sun-Maid." 10 cents.

A pleasant book. * * * It tells its story well and spiritedly.—*Academy*, London.

6. HENRIETTE. A Novel. By Ernest Daudet. Translated by Laura E. Kendall. 10 cents.

"A work of decided power and considerable interest. The translation has been made with knowledge and care."

7. CHRISTINE BROWNLEE'S ORDEAL. A Novel. By Mary Patrick, Author of "Marjorie Bruce's Lovers." 15 cents.

"This is a bright and pleasantly written love story, readable and entertaining, with an interest that is well sustained to the end."

8. A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN. A Romance. By Leon Brook. 10 cents.

"A well written story, describing scenes of great attractiveness to the lovers of exciting fiction."

9. HONOR'S WORTH. A Novel. By Meta Orred, Author of "A Long Time Ago." 15 cents.

"A charming novel, consisting of pictures of quiet English life, written with vigor, and in excellent taste."

10. KINGSDENE. A Novel. By the Hon. Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh. 10 cents.

"The tone of this story is pure and wholesome. It is interesting, decorous, and absorbing."

11. CLEVEDEN. A Novel. By Stephen Yorke. 10 cents.

"This is a refined and dainty production, admirably written and of a high tone of sentiment."

12. THE PEOPLE OF TURKEY: Twenty Years' Residence among Bulgarians, Greeks, Albanians, Turks, and Armenians. By a Consul's Daughter and Wife. Edited by Stanley Lane Poole. 15 cents.

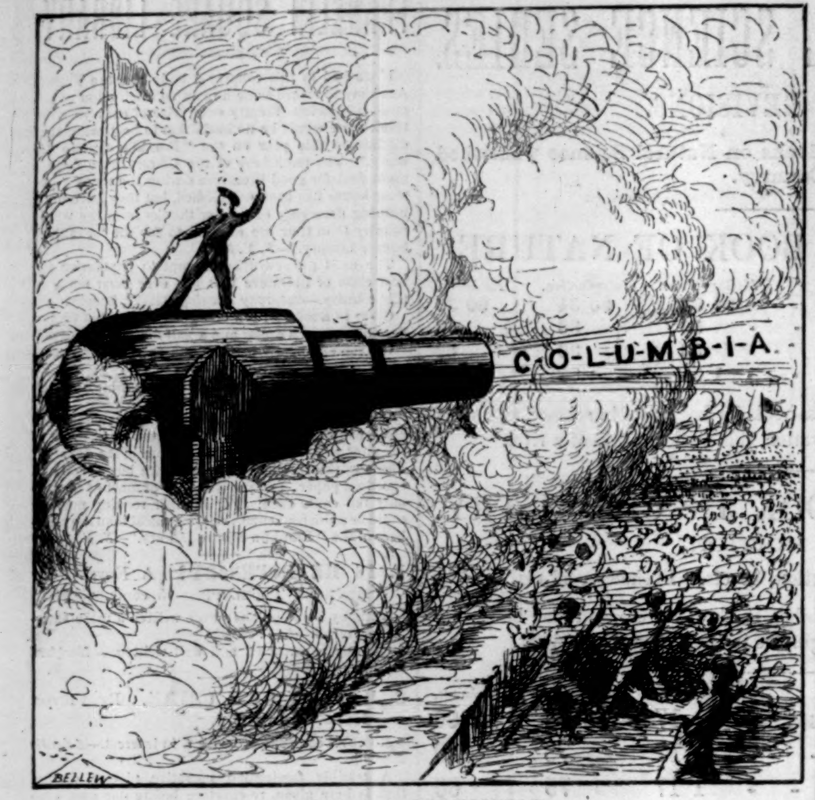
"This work gives a complete description of the different races of the Turkish population, their domestic and public life, their religious and social ceremonies, and their political, industrial, and commercial institutions."

13. THE YOUNG DUKE. A Novel. By Benjamin Disraeli (The Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G.). 15 cents. (*Nearly Ready.*)

"The brilliant diplomatic triumph of Lord Beaconsfield at the Berlin Congress has awakened interest in his literary achievements; and the present novel, a remarkable picture of English fashionable society of fifty years ago, will not only serve to gratify popular curiosity in this respect, but will amply repay perusal on its own account."

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Harper & Brothers will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*



FIRING A COLUMBIAD.
A salute for the boys who "can't wow, you know."

JAMES W. BELL,
ARTIST TAILOR,
172 FIFTH AVENUE, New York.

OTIS BISBEE and able assistants at Riverview Academy, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., prepare boys for College, for Business, and for Society. **Opening September 12th.**

CONSTITUTION WATER

Has been pronounced by the medical faculty and the public to be the most wonderful remedy for the stomach, liver, kidneys, and bladder that has ever been offered. IT IS NOT A SPRING WATER, but a preparation by an eminent physician. For sale by all Druggists. Send for Circular.
MORGAN & ALLEN, 59 John St., N. Y.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT

Thousands of mothers have placed on record their belief that, for all complaints of the stomach and bowels to which children are subject,

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT

Is the most unexceptionable of correctives and alteratives. The reasons for this belief are obvious. It forms a delicious and most refreshing draught, relieves the bowels of all acrid matter without pain, allays fever, induces sleep, strengthens the digestion, neutralizes acid in the stomach, cures flatulence, acts as a gentle stimulant, tones the tender nerves, and never gripes the patient. What family can afford to be without such a resource in sickness? Sold by all druggists.

WALTHAM WATCHES.

We beg to announce that we have recently entirely remodelled the very popular grades of full-plate movements known by the marks "Wm. Ellery," "Appleton, Tracy, & Co.," "Waltham Watch Co.," "P. S. Bartlett," and "Broadway," giving to them not only a highly improved appearance, but great additional value. We embody in them such of the best results of our experience and study for twenty years as can be useful in this popular form of watch. We give these new model watches special recommendation to all who look for good performance and solid excellence at moderate cost. The alterations have been made with the view of pleasing practical watchmakers, as well as watch wearers.

No watches retailed by the Company. Apply to your local jeweller.

For AMERICAN WATCH CO.,
ROBBINS & APPLETON,
General Agents,
New York.

FLY BRICK. ALLAN'S FLY BRICK *The Little Giant Fly Killer.*

IT LAYS 'EM OUT

KILLS all the FLIES in a room in TWO HOURS. 10c. worth will kill more flies than $10 worth of Fly Paper. No dirt, no trouble. Sold by Druggists Everywhere.

Botanic Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y

FISHERMEN!
TWINES AND NETTING,
MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS, Baltimore, Md.
☞ Send for Price-List, naming your County and State.

Every Man His Own Printer! THE EXCELSIOR **$3 Press** Prints labels, cards etc. (Self-inker $5) 9 Larger sizes For business, pleasure, young or old Catalogue of Presses, Type, Etc., for 2 stamps. **KELSEY & Co. Meriden, Conn**

PATENTS For Inventors by T. H. ALEXANDER & ELLIOTT, Solicitors, Washington, D. C. (Established 1857.) Send for Hints to Inventors (free).

CHINESE AND JAPANESE DEPOT.
H. C. PARKE, 186 Front St.,
Between Fulton St. and Burling Slip, N. Y. *Rich Porcelains, Bronzes, Enamels, and Screens.*

HARPER'S PERIODICALS
FOR 1878.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, " "	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, " "	4 00
The THREE publications, one year	10 00
Any TWO, one year	7 00
SIX subscriptions, one year	20 00

Terms for large clubs furnished on application.

The Volumes of the *Weekly* and *Bazar* begin with the first Number for January, and the Volumes of the *Magazine* with the Numbers for June and December of each year.

Subscriptions will be commenced with the Number of each Periodical current at the time of receipt of order, except in cases where the subscriber otherwise directs.

Remittances should be made by **Post-Office Money Order** or **Draft,** to avoid chance of loss.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

BOUND VOLUMES.

Bound Volumes of the Magazine, each volume containing the Numbers for Six Months, will be furnished for $3 00 per Volume in Cloth, or $5 25 in Half Calf, sent by mail, postage paid. A complete Analytical Index of the first fifty volumes, from June, 1850, to May, 1875, inclusive, is now ready. Price, Cloth, $3 00; Half Calf, $5 25.

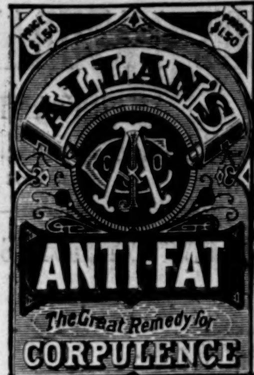
Bound Volumes of the Weekly or Bazar, each containing the Numbers for a year, will be furnished for $7 00 each, freight (if not exceeding one dollar a volume) paid by the Publishers.

There are 56 volumes of the Magazine, 21 volumes of the Weekly, and 10 volumes of the Bazar now ready.

ADVERTISING.

The extent and character of the circulation of Harper's Weekly and Bazar render them advantageous mediums for advertising. A limited number of suitable advertisements will be inserted at the following rates: in the Weekly, Outside Page, $4 00 a line; Inside Pages, $2 00 a line. In the Bazar, $1 00 a line. Cuts and Display charged the same rates for space occupied as solid matter.

Address
HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.



HOW TO GET LEAN WITHOUT STARVATION.

A moderate amount of fat is a sign of good health, but in excess this substance becomes not only burdensome and unsightly, but a real and serious evil. "Corpulence is not only a disease itself, but the harbinger of others," wrote Hippocrates two thousand years ago. It has been considered in all ages, and by nearly all people, even among savages, as a great misfortune.

The Consequences of obesity are often more serious than is generally supposed.

Besides the thick accumulations of fat in the subcutaneous tissue, and in the interstices of the muscles, the MEDIASTINUM, the PERICARDIUM (the sac enclosing the heart), the MESENTERY (the membrane which supports the intestines), and the OMENTUM, become the seats of immense depositions of fat, which mechanically oppress the adjacent organs, thereby producing dyspnœa (shortness of breath), and disturbances in the circulation, characterized by palpitation of the heart, fainting, determination of blood to the brain, derangements of the stomach, liver, kidneys, uterus, &c. Unless vigorous and persistent measures be employed to prevent this encroachment on the functions of the various internal and important organs, life must necessarily be abridged by the development of fatal diseases.

In consequence of the congestion of the stomach, the patient becomes dyspeptic, and is tormented with flatulency, acidity of the stomach, and eructations.

The cavity of the cranium is the only part of the body that escapes an adipose deposition, and this exemption exposes the brain to great danger. The impediments to a free circulation of the blood, and the increased pressure of the masses of fat throughout the system on the bloodvessels, produces a determination of blood to the brain, whence arise somnolency, torpor of the mental and physical functions, and not infrequently apoplexy.

Obesity is undoubtedly a not infrequent cause of fatty degeneration of the heart and liver. Speaking of the heart, a late author says: "Some of the instances of sudden death of fat people may be reasonably ascribed to a rupture of the organ in this weakened state." Obese persons have a small, feeble, and easily compressible pulse.

The Treatment of Obesity has hitherto rested on no sure basis.

Through the study of physiological chemistry, a SPECIFIC has at length been discovered, which, from the name of the discoverer, has been called Allan's Anti-Fat.

In placing this remedy before the public as a POSITIVE cure for obesity, we do so knowing its ability to cure, as attested by hundreds of testimonials, of which the following from a lady in Columbus, Ohio, is a sample: "*Gentlemen,*—Your Anti-Fat was duly received. I took it according to directions, and it reduced me five pounds. I was so elated over the result that I immediately sent to Ackerman's drug store for the second bottle." A gentleman, writing from Boston, says: "Without special change or attention to diet, two bottles of Allan's Anti-Fat reduced me four and one-quarter pounds." The well-known Wholesale Druggists, Smith, Doolittle, & Smith, of Boston, Mass., write, under date of May 7th, 1878, as follows: "Allan's Anti-Fat has reduced a lady in our city seven pounds in three weeks." A gentleman in St. Louis writes: "Allan's Anti-Fat reduced me twelve pounds in three weeks, and altogether I have lost twenty-five pounds since commencing its use." Messrs. Powell & Plimpton, Wholesale Druggists, of Buffalo, N. Y., write under date of June 13th, 1878: "To the Proprietors of Allan's Anti-Fat: *Gentlemen,*—The following report is from the lady who used Allan's Anti-Fat: 'It (the Anti-Fat) had the desired effect, reducing the fat from two to five pounds a week until I had lost twenty-five pounds. I hope never to regain what I have lost.'"

A Physician, writing of the effects of Anti-Fat, says: "I find its use does not absolutely require any change in the ordinary diet. I have allowed my patients to eat almost anything they desired while taking it, requesting them, however, to avoid starchy food and all fermented and alcoholic drinks, and advising them to exercise freely. He continues: "The greatest difficulty that I have experienced in treating patients with it has arisen from their indisposition to continue its use for sufficient time to test its merits. They seem to think that adipose tissue, which they have been accumulating for years, ought to be removed in a few days or weeks; and although in a few cases the Anti-Fat seems to take effect at once, yet, in the majority of cases that I have treated, three or four bottles were employed before I could notice any diminution of weight; then, all at once, the reduction commenced, and continued at the rate of from two to four pounds a week, until in one case twenty-five pounds, and in another as many as thirty-five pounds, were lost." He further says: "I think you should advise your patients that they are likely to see very little effect from the first one or two bottles, and that even four or five may be taken before the fat will begin to melt away." The same gentleman says: "After using the Anti-Fat some time the patient feels lighter and more active, the stomach acts with more rapidity, and the appetite improves. Fulness and weight in the region of the stomach are no longer experienced, and there is no rush of blood to the head or face while digestion is going on."

Prattville, Ala., *July* 20, 1878.
Botanic Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.:

Gentlemen,—About three months ago I commenced using your Anti-Fat, at which time my weight was 219 pounds. By following your directions carefully, I have succeeded in reducing my weight to 158 pounds. This is all very satisfactory and pleasant; but just previous to my commencing the use of your medicine, I had purchased two suits of fine clothes at a high price, and find, to my dismay, that they are entirely useless to me now. When I put one of my coats on, my friends tell me it looks like a coffee-sack on a bean-pole, and when I put the pants on—well, description fails. My object in writing is to ascertain whether you have not, in connection with your medicine business, an establishment where your patrons, similarly situated, could exchange these useless garments for others that would fit. I think you ought to have something of the kind, as it would be an inducement for many to use the Anti-Fat, who now object to using it, in consequence of the loss they would sustain in throwing aside valuable garments. Just turn this matter over in your mind. A "Clothing Exchange" is what you want in connection with your Anti-Fat business. Yours truly, George Boyd.

H. A. Kufus, Dealer in Dry Goods, }
Woodhull, Ill., June 22, 1878. }
Prop'rs of Allan's Anti-Fat, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Gentlemen,—Please find enclosed $5 00, for which send me, by express, Anti-Fat. I have taken one bottle, and I lost five and one-quarter pounds.
Yours truly, H. A. Kufus.

Cincinnati, O., *June* 1, 1878.
Botanic Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.:

Gentlemen,—For the first two weeks after commencing the use of Allan's Anti-Fat, I lost but one-half pound, but during the next four weeks I lost over 20 pounds, and improved greatly in health and strength. Yours respectfully,
Joshua R. Balfour.

New Orleans, La., *May* 21, 1878.
To the Prop'rs of Allan's Anti-Fat, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sirs,—I weighed 228 pounds. None but those equally corpulent, and living in this southern climate, can appreciate my feelings. The use of five bottles of your Anti-Fat reduced me to 204½ pounds. I want to lose 50 pounds more. Thankfully yours,
Mrs. Augusta E. Davidson.

Chicago, Ill., *June* 10, 1878.
Botanic Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.:

Gentlemen,—I reluctantly consented to my wife's purchasing a bottle of Allan's Anti-Fat; but eight weeks' use, with a loss of 24 pounds, has convinced me that it possesses genuine merit. Yours truly,
Martin S. Gregg.

St. Louis, Mo., *June* 7, 1878.
Botanic Medicine Co.:

Gentlemen,—Enclosed please find $13 00 for another dozen of Allan's Anti-Fat. It has reduced me over 40 pounds during the last 15 weeks. I yet weigh 180 pounds, and as my business is running a sewing machine, you can fancy my relief during these hot days. I have given no special attention to diet, and am enjoying splendid health. I shall continue the use of the Anti-Fat for 15 weeks longer.
Yours truly, Cynthia Smith.

Chester, N. Y., *June* 17, 1878.
Botanic Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.:

Gentlemen,—Mr. Colfax, of this place, lost three and one-half pounds during the first week's use of Allan's Anti-Fat. Yours truly, M. S. Jackson.

Buffalo, N. Y., *No.* 91 *Main St., Jan.* 21, 1878.
To the Prop'rs of Allan's Anti-Fat, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Gentlemen,—Some three months since I commenced the use of Allan's Anti-Fat. The first week I lost two and one-quarter pounds; the second week two pounds; the third week three and one-half pounds; and the fourth week nearly three and three-quarter pounds. In about the above ratio, my weight decreased until I had lost 50 pounds. I now weigh 155 pounds, and feel healthy and strong.
Yours truly, Chas. R. Danforth.

Buffalo, N. Y., *June* 24, 1878.

Gentlemen,—Yours received. My loss of flesh has been permanent to date.
Yours, C. R. D.

Royalston, Mass., *July* 10, 1878.
Botanic Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.:

Gents,—What will you send Allan's Anti-Fat per dozen for? There is no place within eight miles where we can buy it. My mother has taken five bottles, and it reduced her weight 20 pounds.
J. M. Partridge.

Ellsworth, Kan., *July* 13, 1878.
Botanic Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.:

Gentlemen,—Allan's Anti-Fat reduced me seven pounds in one week.
Yours respectfully, Mrs. Taylor.

Colorado Springs, Col., *July* 15, 1878.
Botanic Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.:

Gentlemen,—I lost three pounds while taking one bottle of Allan's Anti-Fat.
Yours truly, Mrs. M. B. Myers.

Baltimore, Md., *July* 17, 1878.
Prop'rs Allan's Anti-Fat:

Dear Sirs,—I have taken two bottles of Allan's Anti-Fat, and it has reduced me eight pounds.
Very respectfully, Mrs. I. R. Coles.

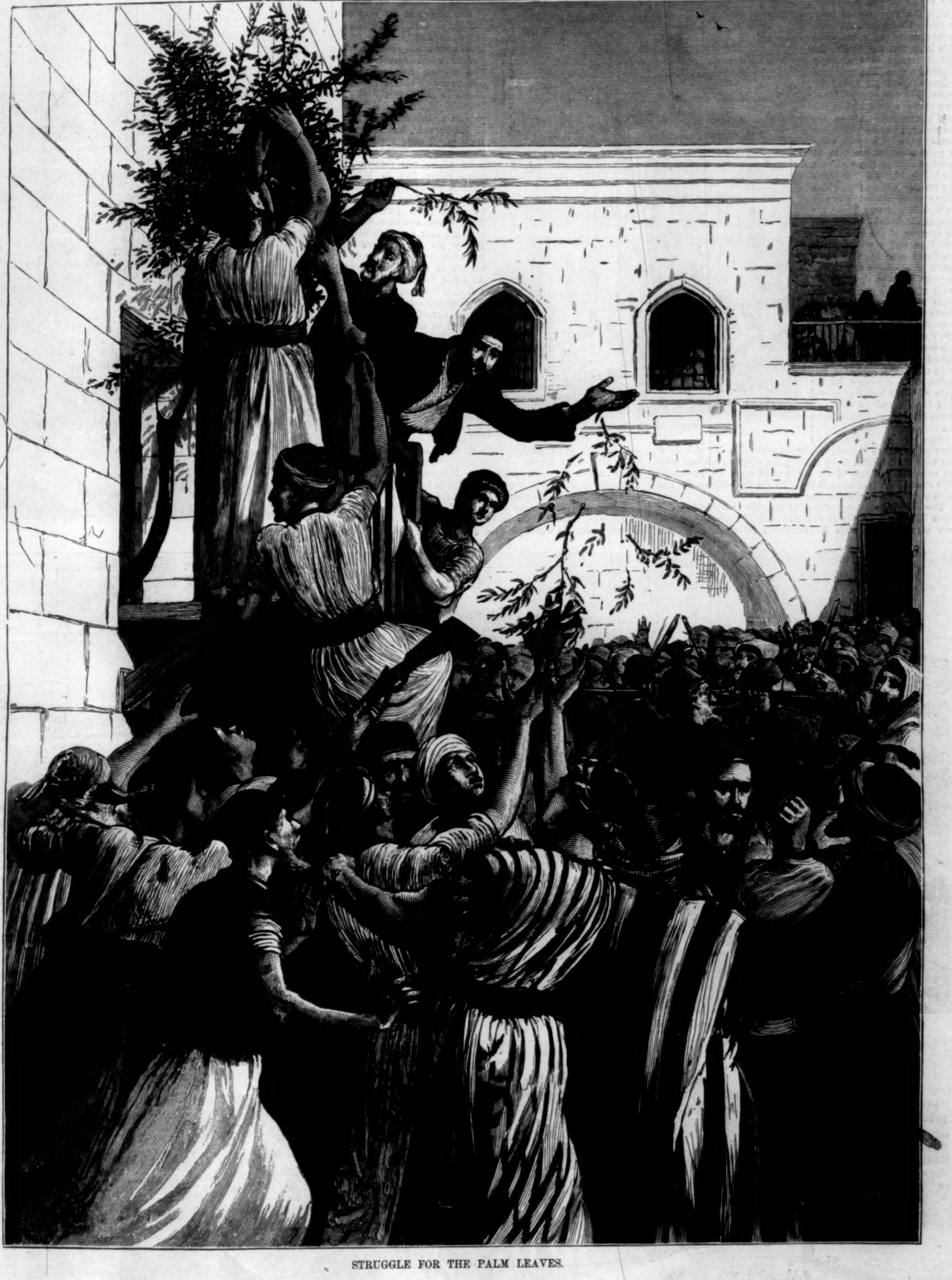
We might go on and quote hundreds of similar expressions from those who have used this positive remedy for corpulency, and bear testimony of its wonderful power over this condition of the system.

This specific remedy is composed of purely vegetable ingredients, is PERFECTLY HARMLESS, and will occasion no discomfort. It greatly aids digestion, and is a most excellent remedy for dyspepsia.

Since writing our first little circular treatise upon the subject of Corpulency, many hundreds of cases have come under our personal observation, and in all good results have followed the use of the Anti-Fat. In no case has any unpleasant or injurious effect been produced. Instead of regarding obesity as an abnormal condition, many people have erroneously considered it as an evidence of health, and any agent that reduces fat is therefore at once suspected of being injurious. Starting to reason from the false position that fat is an evidence of health, it is not surprising that they should, very naturally, fall into the error of supposing that an agent possessing properties capable of reducing corpulency would prove injurious to the health. Reasoning, however, from the rational basis, that an undue deposition of fat, constituting obesity, is not a healthy but a morbid condition, it is quite as natural for us to arrive at the opposite conclusion, which is sustained by experience and observation, *i. e.*, that the reduction of fat in cases of corpulency is invariably followed by an improvement of strength, spirits, and physical comforts.

A very extensive observation has convinced us since our first circular treatise was issued, that in the majority of cases the Anti-Fat must be taken for from two to three, and, in rare cases, even four weeks before the patient will begin to notice much reduction of flesh, after which the loss goes on rapidly—generally from three to five pounds a week. In some cases the diminution in weight commences from the first two or three days' use of it. We therefore advise those who contemplate using the Anti-Fat to make a careful note of their weight, and after two or three weeks' treatment commence observations. Improvement will soon be observed. A large saving in expense may be made by purchasing the Anti-Fat of the druggist by the half dozen or dozen bottles.

BOTANIC MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs,
Buffalo, Y. N.



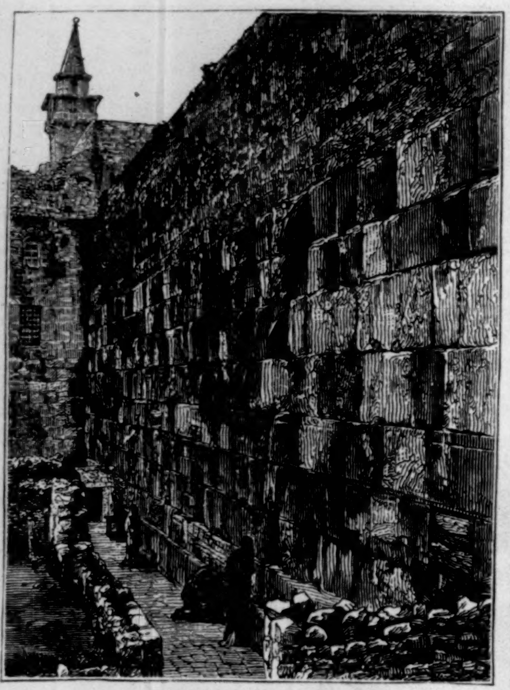
STRUGGLE FOR THE PALM LEAVES.

SKETCHES IN PALESTINE.

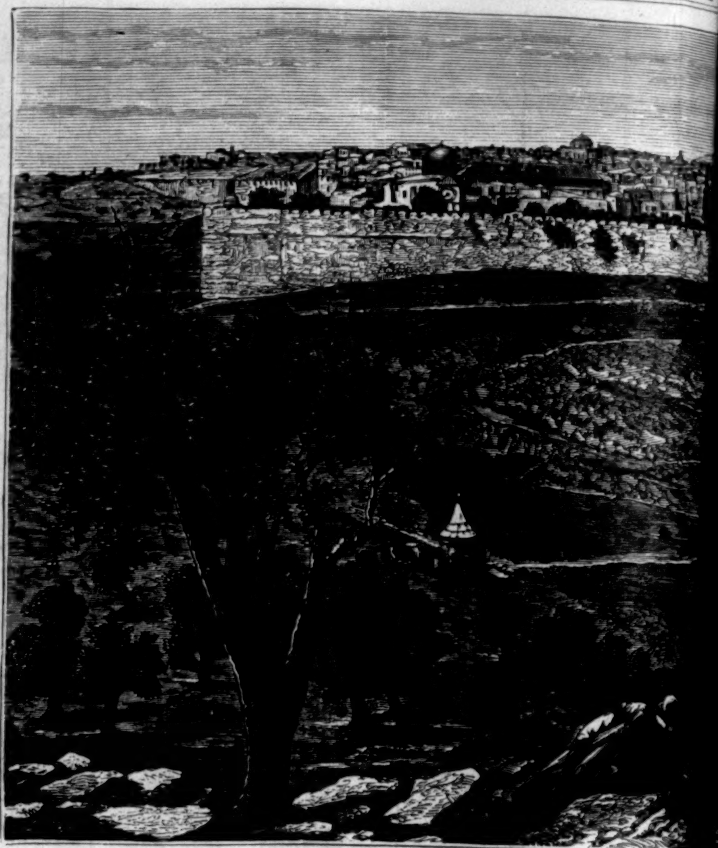
There is a never-failing interest attached to every thing connected with Palestine. Not only is it a land where "the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng," and the home of one of the oldest civilizations on the face of the earth, but it is a place where modern progress works little or no change either upon the monuments of the past or upon the manners and customs of the people. In spite of the ravages of the Turk and the destroying influences of time, the Holy Land under Moslem rule differs but little from the unhappy Judæan province that 2000 years ago languished under the dominion of Rome. This is the uniform testimony of men whose lives have been devoted to the study of the subject. One Eastern traveller, whose exhaustive researches have made him an authority upon all matters connected with Biblical lore, says: "The unchanged habits of the East render it a kind of living Pompeii. The outward appearances, which in the case of the Greeks and Romans we know only through art and writing—the marble, fresco, and parchment—in the case of the Jewish history we know through the forms of actual men, living and moving before us, wearing almost the same garb, speaking in almost the same language, and certainly with the same general turns of speech and tones and manners."

In studying the accompanying engravings the reader may therefore feel that he is looking upon pictured representations of the places in and about Jerusalem but little changed from what they were in the days when John the Baptist called men to repentance, and the Prophet of Galilee preached the Gospel of salvation to the world. The view of the ancient city which is given on our double page is taken from the Mount of Olives, and, owing to the equality of elevation, is undoubtedly the most imposing one that can be obtained. Jerusalem is literally a city set upon a hill. It is built on a promontory that juts out from the table-land of Judæa, and deep but narrow gorges separate it from the surrounding hills. On the west and south the Valley of Hinnom lies between Zion and the neighboring highlands. On the east, between Moriah and the Mount of Olives, lies the Valley of Jehoshaphat, through which flows the brook Cedron. This valley is supposed to be the "king's dale" mentioned in Genesis, and its name to be derived from the burial of King Jehoshaphat, or from the fact that he obtained here a great victory over the Moabites and their allies. Only on the north does the city adjoin the mountain range of which its site forms a part. Its uplifted towers are 2500 feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea. In its present shape the city of Jerusalem is an irregular square, surrounded by an embattled wall about two and a half miles in circumference, erected by the Sultan Soliman. In this wall there are seven gates, the four principal ones being named the Jaffa, the Damascus, the Stephen's, and the Zion gates.

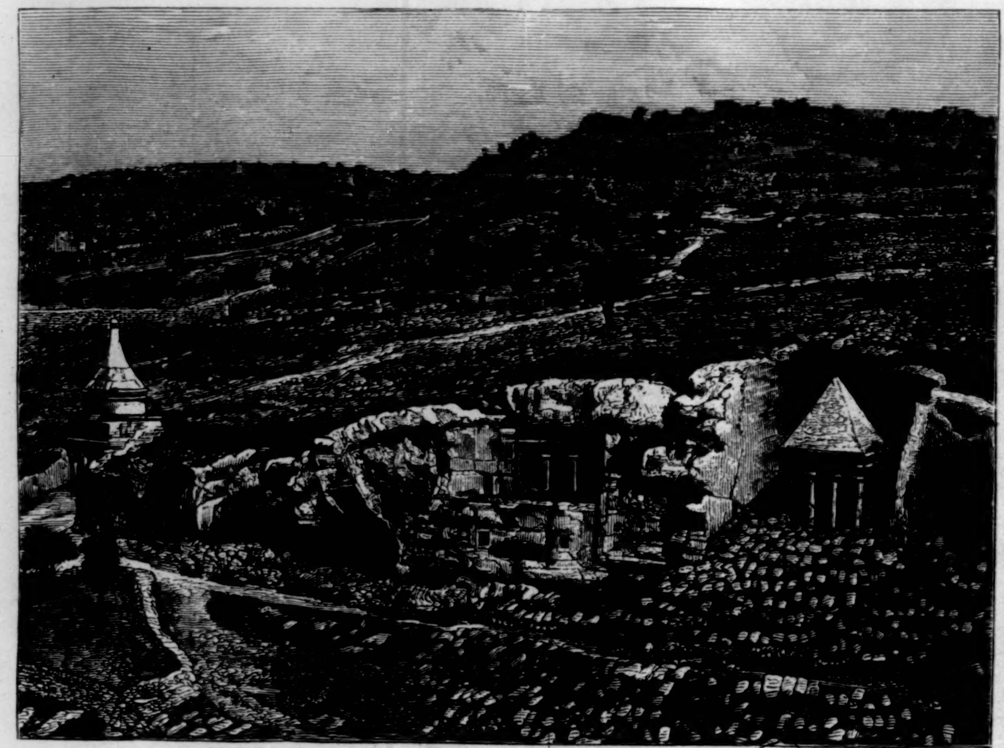
The streets of Jerusalem are winding and gloomy. They are paved with irregularly shaped flat stones inclining toward the middle, and forming a sort of gutter through which the rain rushes in a stream. Underneath the pavement runs the sewer, and when this is opened for repairs the narrow street is completely blocked up, so that men and animals must go round by some other way. Sidewalks of any sort are rare, and in certain places the way is so contracted that two horsemen can hardly pass each other, while a pedestrian is likely to be crushed against the wall by a loaded camel. Another peculiar feature is the gates, which occur at occasional intervals in certain streets. These are frequently closed for the greater security of the inhabitants at night, and a watchman is stationed near by, who for a small sum allows the proper persons to pass through. A walk after dark has, however, little attraction for the residents of Jerusalem or for a traveller who visits the city. Dr. VAN-LENNEP in his admirable work on *Bible Lands*, published by the HARPERS, says: "At night the darkness and solitude are complete, for the gate of every house is closed and barred, and no one ventures into the street without a lantern under penalty of being arrested as a robber. The lone guard keeps himself awake by answering the whistle of his nearest colleague, or by causing the street to resound with an occasional thump of his heavy stick upon the pavement. The street dogs that seem to sleep all day are wide awake, and keep up a concert of answering howls."

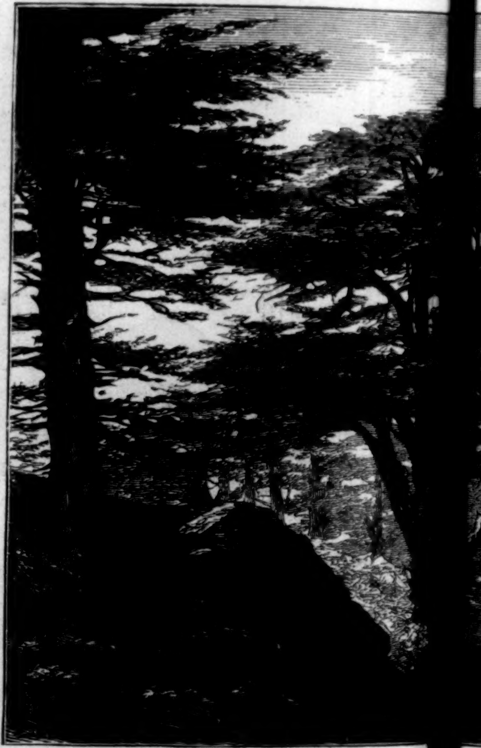

WALL OF WAILING.

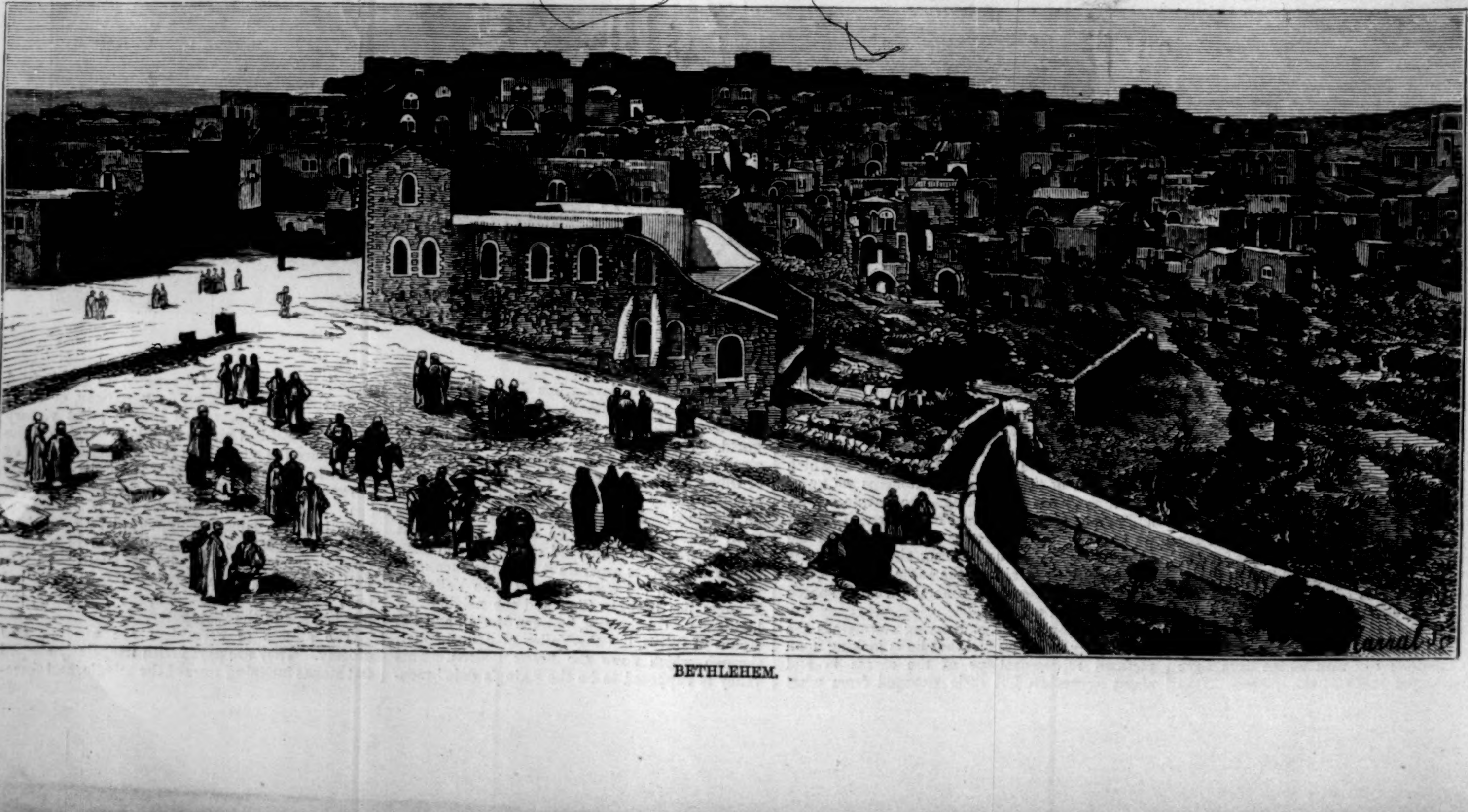
The Jews have many places of worship at Jerusalem, but upon Mount Moriah, the ancient site of the Temple of SOLOMON, now stands the famous Mohammedan structure called the Mosque of Omar. So sacred is this edifice in the eyes of the Turks that no Christian is permitted to place his foot even within the spacious inclosure which surrounds it. The nearest approach that can be made to the ancient shrine is the lowest wall of the mosque. A considerable portion of this immense belt of masonry is, however, the same which once stood as a defense to the Temple. One point where two masses of stone thirty feet in height meet is called the "Wailing Place of the Jews." Here is an open place paved with flags, where numbers of the despised race assemble every Friday for the purpose of prayer, and to bewail the desolation of their holy places. At other times small parties will visit the spot, but the day made memorable to Christians by the Crucifixion is the one selected by the Jews for this penitential observance. Standing or kneeling, they turn their faces toward the ancient wall and gaze upon it in silence, or pour forth their complaints in half-suppressed though perfectly audible tones. Another point where the followers of the old faith delight to gather is round the Pool of Hezekiah, the only one of the ancient pools of Jerusalem that is still in use. Within its depths are still collected the waters of the upper part of the valley of Hinnom. It holds water but imperfectly, however, and it is probable that before many years it will share the fate of similar reservoirs throughout the city.


JERUSALEM FRO

At present Jerusalem derives its chief support from the visits of pilgrims. These come in large numbers, especially at the Easter season, to worship at the shrine of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. This edifice stands upon Mount Calvary, and is distinguished for its size and massiveness. It forms altogether a block 160 feet long and 100 wide, and includes what are called the Church of the Sepulchre, the Chapel of the Crucifixion, seven small chapels, a monastery, and cloisters. The traditions with which the various apartments are associated are scarcely worthy of attention, and yet those who believe in them have contrived to group and connect them in a manner that rarely fails to produce strong emotions in the mind of Christians who visit them. The Catholics have one convent on the mountain. The Greeks have twelve here and one at Zion Gate. The Armenians have three convents on Mount Zion, a large one and a small one in the city, and another a little without Zion Gate, where it is believed the house of CAIAPHAS stood. The Copts, Syrians, and Abyssinians have also each a small convent. During Eastertide an immense number of pilgrims meet, and the variety and opposition of some of the tenets that compose their creeds often lead to serious disturbances of the peace. Many of the services that are held would be very impressive if the effect were not frequently marred by such demonstrations. An eye-witness of the ceremonies carried on at the


VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT.


CEDAR

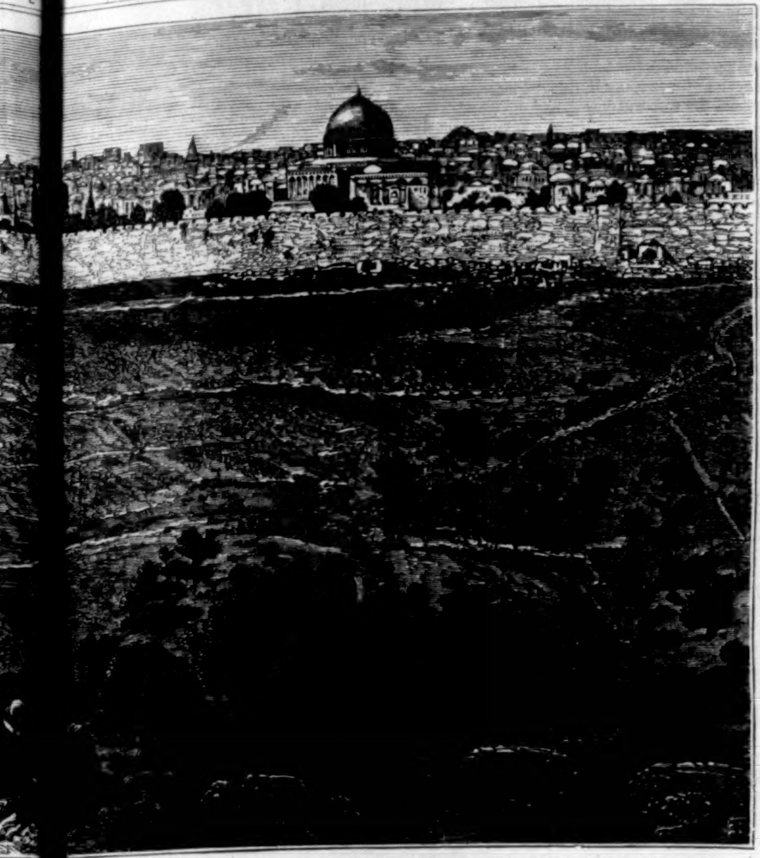

BETHLEHEM.

Holy Sepulchre during E
as follows:

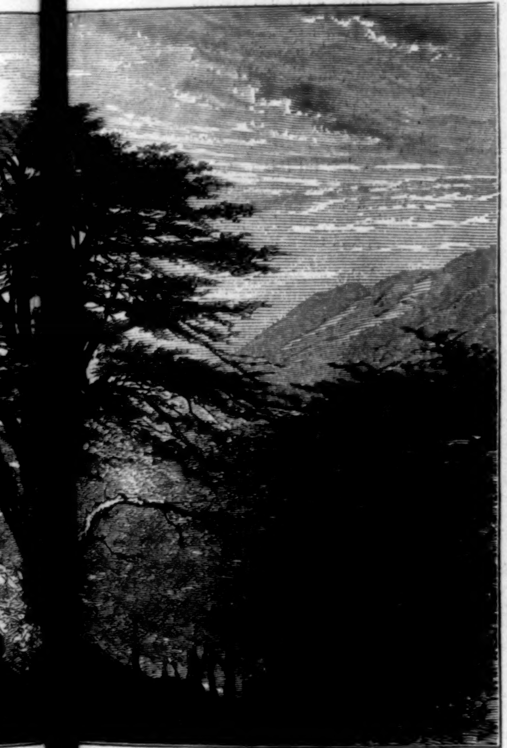
"At six the next morning
ened us, and we dressed to
their Easter-Sunday and th
way to the top of the Holy
below the dome, find oursel
look over the Chapel of the
The Sepulchre where the bo
to be laid is gaudy with pi
lamps, gilt candelabra, and
is a crowd as motley as
Abyssinians, Assyrians, Gr
necessary that a strong gu
members of the various Ch
instead of worshipping at th
a beating of gongs, and str
smoke of a thousand tape
from the Latin Chapel a p
geous array, with banners
through the crowd, chanti
Before this service is qui
Copts begin to hold their
the others' voices as they
following week the Greeks
have far the greater gath
nies. On Thursday the Pa
and His Apostles, the Was
Agony in the Garden. A p
Church of the Holy Sepul
Church. A huge branch fr
semane under which Chri
after the service is over, th
Friday the Black Service is
chre, and also round the S
lowing day, is the great ev

"All day on Friday pilgri
arriving for this great cere
is left open all night, and
flags. From early on the m
noon the building is close
and more fanatical every
hands, and dancing up an
fully, many chase one ano
crowd, wrestling and str
tripped up by some frie

SKETCHE



M FRO MOUNT OF OLIVES.



CEDAR BANON.

uring E year describes the scene

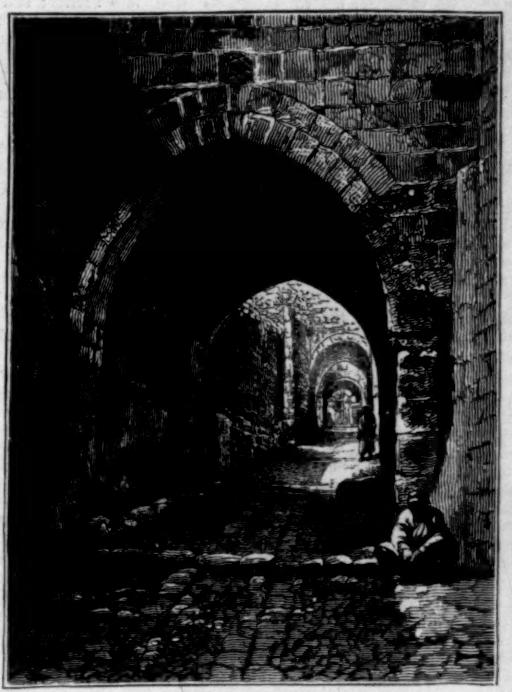
morning the clanging of bells awak-
ressed to reat Latin mass, for it was
ay and th lm-Sunday. We make our
the Holy S d entering a little door just
ind ourse row gallery, from where we
pel of the re and on the scene below.
ere the b k and Lowly was supposed
y with pi ial flowers, silver and gold
abra, and rs. Surging round its walls
otley as of a pantomime—Copts,
rians, Gr and Moslem guards. It is
trong gu in the building to keep the
arious Ch quarrelling with each other
pping at th Presently a jingle of bells,
gs, and str rgan ascend with the fatty
sand tape jostling crowd below, then
hapel a p bishops and priests in gor-
bannere old, slowly wend their way
vd, chanti ng in a steam of incense.
ce is qui e Greeks, Armenians, and
old their r ices, and try each to drown
as they g eir devotions. During the
he Greeks rch to themselves, and they
ater gathe ms at their Easter ceremo-
lay the Pa welve bishops enact Christ
, the Wa eet at the Last Supper, the
den. A p ted in the court-yard of the
oly Sepul l with the emblems of the
branch fr ree in the Garden of Geth-
hich Chri sed in the ceremony, and
is over, t mble for its branches. On
Service is nt Calvary. In the Sepul-
und the S e Unction, but on the fol-
e great ev Coming of the Holy Fire.
riday pilg arts of Palestine have been
great cer urch of the Holy Sepulchre
night, and the pilgrims camp on the
ly on the urday till late in the after-
ng is clos pilgrims, becoming more
ical every nting, yelling, clapping of
ing up an to amuse themselves more
e one ano eads of the densely packed
g and str nto the mass as they are
some frie e Moslem guards, though

ETCHE LESTINE.

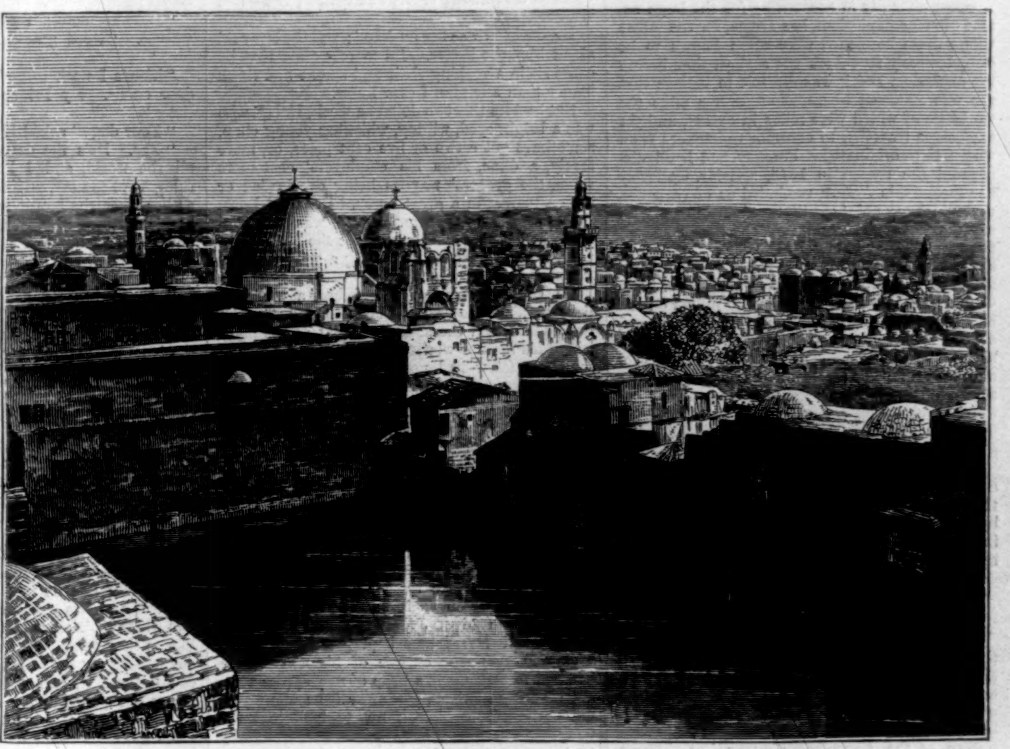
much stronger in numbers to-day, seem to have but little control over the mob, and threaten to use the butt end of their muskets. Refreshment is served round in the shape of water, and four or five will fight with one another for a drain to wet their parched throats. After a procession of bishops and priests thrice round the building, the Patriarch enters the Sepulchre. Now the noise becomes greater and greater, the shouts and cries are quite deafening, making the place more like an Inferno than the Church of Christ. A priest who has been standing near the two oval windows in the side of the Sepulchre, out of which the fire is expected, thrusts in his hand and brings forth a lighted taper, and immediately rushes through the lane the soldiers try to keep for him, and disappears into the interior of the church. The Holy Fire now issues from the holes in the walls, and hundreds of hands are stretched out as they frantically try to light their candles at the flame. One man has succeeded in igniting his taper, and in struggling through the crowd it suddenly flickers and goes out. He dashes the smouldering bundle into the Sepulchre, and rushes out of the church, raving.

"By this time one candle has ignited the other, and the crowd below is one mass of moving flame. And from every nook and corner of the church, from dome to floor, creeps the hissing noise of burning wax, until the scene beneath is almost obliterated by its smoke and fumes. So ends the great ceremony of the Holy Fire."

After Jerusalem, Bethlehem and Tiberias, of which we give admirable illustrations, are two of the most interesting spots in the Holy Land. The sacred memories that cling about the first have made its name a familiar word throughout Christendom. Yet Bethlehem is one of the least considerable towns in Palestine. Situated some five miles to the south of Jerusalem, it occupies a part of the summit and sides of a narrow ridge which shoots out eastward from the central chain of the Judæan mountains, and breaks down into deep valleys on the north, south, and east. The steep slopes beneath the village are carefully terraced, and the terraces sweep in graceful curves round the ridge from top to bottom. In the valleys below and on a little plain to the eastward are the same corn fields whose fertility doubtless gave the place its name, *Bethlehem*—"house of bread." Immediately behind these fields and terraced gardens is the "wilderness of Judæa." It is in full view from the heights of Bethlehem. White limestone hills thrown confusedly together, with deep ravines winding in and out among them, constitute its chief features. Not a solitary tree or shrub or tuft of green grass is any where to be seen. The village itself contains about five hundred houses. The streets are narrow and crooked, but, being here and there arched over, and having the rude balconies of the quaint houses projecting along their sides, they have a picturesque mediæval look. On the eastern brow of the ridge, separated from the village by an open esplanade, is a great convent, grim and massive as an old baronial castle. It is built over and about the traditional sanctuary of Bethlehem. The buildings composing the convent are large and splendid. They are all encompassed by a lofty wall, whose huge buttresses rest on the shelving rocks far below. The nucleus of the whole is a rock-hewn cave measuring thirty-eight feet by eleven feet, at one end of which is the following inscription: "Hic de virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est." Over the cave stands the splendid basilica of HELENA, the oldest monument of Christian architecture in the world. It is now sadly out of repair, but its four rows of marble Corinthian columns are still grand and imposing



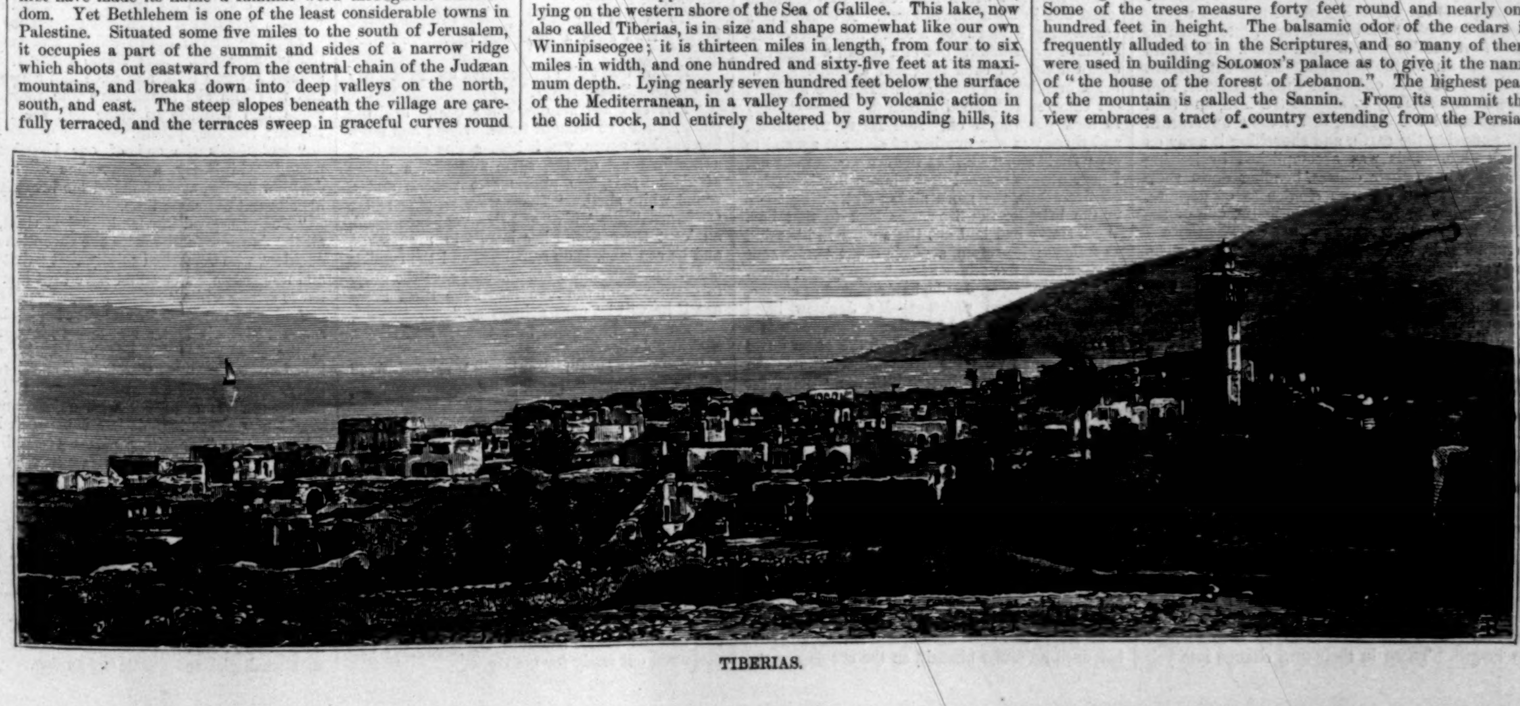
STREET IN JERUSALEM.



POOL OF HEZEKIAH.

Tiberias is supposed to be the ancient town of Chinneroth, lying on the western shore of the Sea of Galilee. This lake, now also called Tiberias, is in size and shape somewhat like our own Winnipiseogee; it is thirteen miles in length, from four to six miles in width, and one hundred and sixty-five feet at its maximum depth. Lying nearly seven hundred feet below the surface of the Mediterranean, in a valley formed by volcanic action in the solid rock, and entirely sheltered by surrounding hills, its climate is almost tropical. Formerly there was no part of Palestine to be compared with the environs of this lake for fertility and richness of scenery. On a narrow plain lying along the northern and northwestern shores, and on the surrounding hill-sides, were fertile farms and vineyards that supported an immense peasant population. Some warm mineral springs at the southern end of the western shore attracted visitors even from Rome, and made the Sea of Galilee the watering-place of all the cities near by. Lying directly on the route between Damascus and the Mediterranean, nearly all the commerce between the East and West passed along its northern shores. Now, of all the cities which were once crowded along this most populous district of Palestine, the town of Tiberias and the little village of Migdel (the ancient Magdala) are all that are left. The former is in the last stages of desolation and decay, a tremendous earthquake having shaken it to its foundations on the 1st of January, 1837, and the plain about is strewed with ruins.

A visit to the Cedars of Lebanon involved a journey to the mountains of Syria. This celebrated range lies to the north of Palestine, and trends from northeast to southwest in two parallel chains pursuing nearly the course of the shore of the Mediterranean. It is described by travellers as a multitude of mountains separated by deep ravines and covered thickly with pine and fruit trees, although not as densely as the forests of America. Its ascent is steep and rocky. The cedars are now found principally at the foot of one mountain, covering a space three-fourths of a mile in circumference. Some of the trees measure forty feet round and nearly one hundred feet in height. The balsamic odor of the cedars is frequently alluded to in the Scriptures, and so many of them were used in building SOLOMON's palace as to give it the name of "the house of the forest of Lebanon." The highest peak of the mountain is called the Sannin. From its summit the view embraces a tract of country extending from the Persian



TIBERIAS.